

U.S. SCHOOLS: The Big Squeeze

TIME

Saddam's Latest Victims

**Can Bush avoid
a human tragedy?**

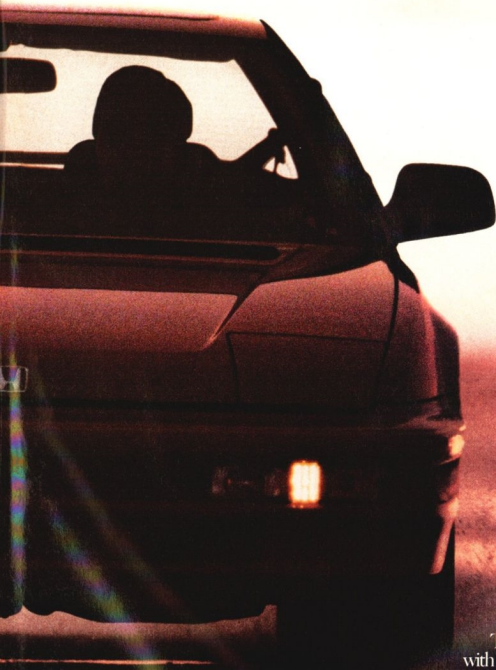
Kurdish refugees near
the Turkish border



How do you s



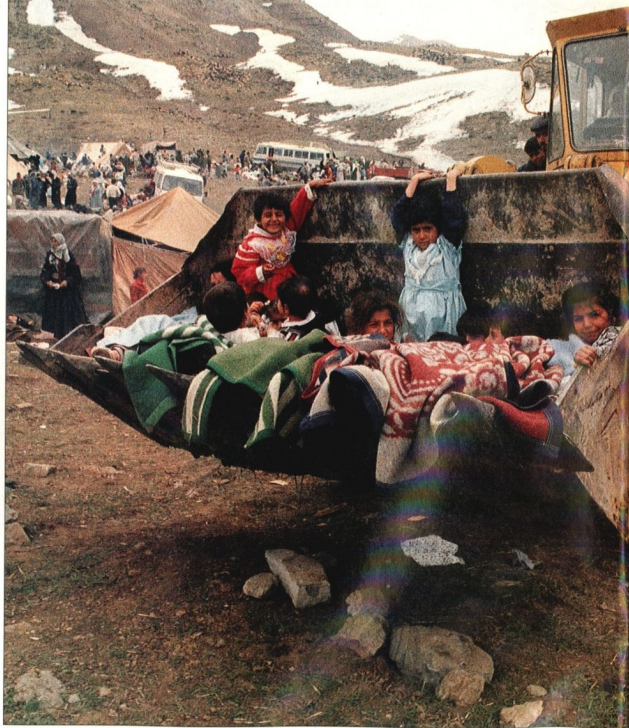
top this thing?



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HONDA

Flight of the Kurds: young refugees ride a bulldozer at a tent camp in northern Iraq. (See page 18.)





TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



18 WORLD: Saddam crushes Iraq's rebels, making his people's tragedy complete

■ A TIME correspondent reports on the glory and anguish of the Kurds.

■ What can the world do? Not about the civil war, which is almost over, but to ease the suffering of thousands of refugees?

■ Strobe Talbott thinks it is time to consider intervention in the affairs of murderous regimes.

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

During the climactic hours of the gulf war, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney was briefing President Bush on the strategy of the ground assault. There was no map of the Middle East war zone readily available in the White House family quarters for Cheney to refer to. "Oh, I have a map," responded the President. He reached over and spread out the one appearing in that week's issue of TIME.

When the President's photographer David Valdez recounted the incident on ABC's *Good Morning America*, TIME's graphics director Nigel Holmes had reason to be pleased. Early in the war a commercial map company had proposed to TIME and other publications that they purchase reprint rights to the firm's maps of the area. Managing editor Henry Muller preferred to rely on our in-house team led by Holmes, whose wizardry with graphics has graced the pages of TIME since he came to the magazine in 1978 from London.

TIME's mapmakers keep busy every week: witness the display on the Kurds' struggle against Saddam Hussein that accompanies this issue's cover stories. But the gulf pullout was the most complex map TIME had ever undertaken. Working with Holmes were

cartographer Paul J. Pugliese, illustrators Steven D. Hart and Joe Lertola, map researcher Deborah L. Wells and artist Nino Telak. Thanks to computers, all six staff members were able to work on the map simultaneously. Even so, the costly project took them a total of 10 days. (In addition to the pullout maps enclosed in the 6.9 million magazines that were sent to domestic and foreign subscribers and sold at newsstands, more than 400,000 copies have been requested by readers.)

The 14½-in. by 19¼-in. pullout in the Feb. 25 issue was based on a design that Holmes had devised for the detailed maps that appeared in TIME every week after the war began. Holmes chose to depict Iraq in bold blood red and the seas in black to convey the starkness of war. The back of the map showed the weaponry being used by both sides.

With most of the maps that are published in TIME week by week, says Holmes, the staff's challenge is to "pare things down." The battle map provided a welcome opportunity to do

the opposite. "We decided to put in lots of information and let people spend some time with it. It was very nice to know that people wanted our services."

Robert L. Miller



Bush and Cheney use TIME map to discuss war; inset, graphics director Holmes

"Oh, I have a map," said the Commander in Chief during the climactic hours of the gulf conflict.

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LETTERS

BORIS YELTSIN

"I knew Yeltsin had the right stuff when Margaret Thatcher said he was like an Irishman."

Austin C. Daley
Warwick, R.I.



We should not be too hard on Boris Yeltsin by thinking of him as the "bad boy of Soviet politics." He is someone who has courageously stood up to the country's hard-liners [WORLD, March 25]. Before him, nobody dared create an opposition within a political system that is repressive and undemocratic. Long live Yeltsin and all those Russian politicians who have decided to follow his path!

Gregory Concesso
Villefranche-sur-Saône, France

Economic unrest, power struggles and the quest for freedom are the main legacies left by a communist regime to its people. Despite every attempt to improve the Soviet Union's turbulent situation, so far there has been no sign of success.

Christopher Kwok
Hong Kong

This is a difficult time for the Soviet Union, and all sides must pull together. Yeltsin, the Lithuanians and other nationalities of the country should appreciate how far Mikhail Gorbachev has brought

them in the past couple of years. *Perestroika* is a wonderful change, and the credit belongs to one man.

Jennifer E. Simon
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Advice for Hussein

Murray Gart presents a proposal that would transform Jordan into a Palestinian state [ESSAY, March 18]. One of his many justifications is that Jordan's population is 60% Palestinian. What about the other 40%? Would they then need to search for a new Jordanian homeland? Gart's "bolder idea" could exchange the Palestinian problem for a Jordanian problem.

Bob Talamas
Sarasota, Fla.

Gart's advice seems to be founded on more than one wrong premise. To begin with, King Hussein never backed "Saddam's fatal plunge into Kuwait." This is an accusation that persists despite repeated assertions by the King and other Jordanian officials that Jordan was neither a party to nor a supporter of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. His Majesty defined Jordan's official position on this matter and reaffirmed two important elements: 1) Jordan's full adherence to the principle of the inadmissibility of territory acquired by war, which also applies to the invasion of Kuwait; and 2) Jordan's support of the return of the Emir's regime to Kuwait. The insistence that Jordan backed Iraq's invasion exerts undue, unfair and unwarranted pressure on Jordan and aims to discredit its role of seeking a peaceful resolution to the conflict.

Furthermore, Jordanians are astonished by the repeated insinuations that belittle the democratic process in Jordan. Indeed, Jordan has been turned into a democracy, and our parliament is not a body that "serves only at [the King's] pleasure," as purported by Gart. Every Jordanian, including King Hussein, is proud of the established democracy and the atmosphere of freedom, including that of a free press. The puzzling part of Gart's advice is the fallacious conclusion that democratizing Jordan will transform it into a Palestinian state. Why? Are Jordanians not deserving of democracy? Is Jordan, whose existence precedes that of Israel, since it was founded in 1922 and became a sovereign and independent state in May 1946, an empty void ready to be transformed into something it is not? How can such a proposition be justified in the aftermath of a war that was waged in the gulf to restore independence and sovereignty to a country deprived of them? Our advice to those who show concern toward the creation of a Palestinian state is straightforward and uncompromising: a Palestinian state must be created, but only on Palestinian soil. Any attempt to do otherwise would prolong the conflict for many generations to come. Jor-

dan and King Hussein are ready to assist in the realization of a Palestinian state, which would provide the real guarantee of peace in our region.

*Fouad Ayoub, Press Secretary
Royal Court
Amman*

Looking Ahead

Even if permanent peace is eventually established in the Middle East [WORLD, March 25], I worry about the effects that the gulf war will have on the minds of Americans. If they have finally overcome the shock of the Vietnam War, the militaristic spirit of many in the U.S. will be strengthened. Frankly, I am scared.

*Antonio Quagliari
Nichelino, Italy*

I was not one of the proud, chest-thumping Americans who cheered the return of U.S. soldiers. Though I am relieved that allied casualties were low, I fail to see the heroics in a battle akin to shooting goldfish in an aquarium. My concern with "kicking the Vietnam syndrome" is that the U.S. will no longer waste time on diplomacy when it can always go for its strongest card: military intervention.

*Jerry Griffin
San Francisco*

LETTERS

Destroyed military machinery left behind by the fleeing Iraqi army is virtually bumper to bumper along a part of the highway from Kuwait City to Basra. Why clear it away? After the bodies and dangerous weapons are removed, why not put up a fence around the wreckage and leave it for the world to view as a lesson? Could we ever conceive of a more graphic monument to the stupidity of aggressive war and its ruinous cost?

*Bob Sculley
Ludington, Mich.*

Postwar U.S. Politics

Once the gulf war was launched, all Americans, Democrats and Republicans alike, prayed for a swift and successful conclusion to the confrontation [NATION, March 25]. It is not correct for the G.O.P. to imply that Democrats, especially those in Congress, were unpatriotic when they questioned the need to send our troops into battle before exhausting all peaceful means. Even the White House expected that thousands of American casualties would result in any ground assault against Saddam Hussein's forces in Kuwait. We should give thanks that this fear did not become a reality.

*Manuel Valerio
San Jose*

I hope all the Democrats who opposed the resolution to use force against Iraq are remembered next Election Day and voted out of office.

*Ovid H. Wade
Glenville, Ga.*

Some Press Criticism

If I read the word masterly more time in TIME's reporting on America's victory in the Persian Gulf, I may become ill. With President Bush's "masterly" assembling of the allied coalition, General Norman Schwarzkopf's "masterly" handling of the press and the Pentagon's "masterly" and "awesome" turnaround, it seems our leaders can do no wrong. We have surely had enough of cheerleading and flag waving. Let's begin to see some masterly objective journalism.

*William Jordan
Dover, N.H.*

I'd like to express my admiration for your magazine. The design, the photos, the articles—everything is marvelous. Frankly, your news coverage is a big deal for Soviet readers. It acquaints us with the other side. For many years we've been deprived of the view "from outside." But I'm afraid that I may have bought your magazine for the first and last time; despite the three-ruble



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TIME, APRIL 15, 1991

NATION PREPARES FOR LEANER TIMES

The Skinniest Six

					
ROUND TIP 157 calories 5.9 gms total fat* (2.1 gms sat. fat)	TOP LOIN 178 calories 8.0 gms total fat* (3.1 gms sat. fat)	TOP ROUND 153 calories 4.2 gms total fat* (1.4 gms sat. fat)	EYE OF ROUND 193 calories 4.2 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)	TENDERLOIN 179 calories 8.5 gms total fat* (3.2 gms sat. fat)	TOP SIRLOIN 155 calories 6.1 gms total fat* (2.4 gms sat. fat)

BEEF AND TODAY'S HEALTH STAMPEDE

These are leaner times. Conspicuous consumption is out. The basics are back. People are eating lighter, leaner foods. And here's the whole story.

Calories: the inside account.

The Skinniest Six cuts of beef are surprisingly lean and low in calories. In fact, three ounces of lean, trimmed beef average a mere 180 calories! Makes you stop and think. About beef

fajitas and Japanese steak salad.

Cholesterol: perception vs. reality.

This should make headlines: lean, trimmed beef has no more cholesterol than chicken —without the skin.

While chicken does have less fat, moderate servings of beef fit easily within leading dietary guidelines.

Nutritional facts rounded-up.

Lean beef has a high ratio of nutrients to calories. Number crunchers take note. Three ounces supply 38%

of the U.S. RDA for vitamin B-12 and zinc. Plus a generous 56% of U.S. RDA for protein. Not to mention 14% of the recommendation for iron. That's quite a mouthful.

Wisdom to steer by. Nutritionists recommend a balanced, varied diet and leaner cuts of meat. Training gurus push aerobic exercise. Stress management types suggest a month in the Baha-

mas. Grilling steaks on the beach, no doubt.

Dinnertime in no time. Beef is perhaps the ultimate fast food. From quick steaks and fajitas to blazing stir-frys. No time left? Time for juicy leftovers.

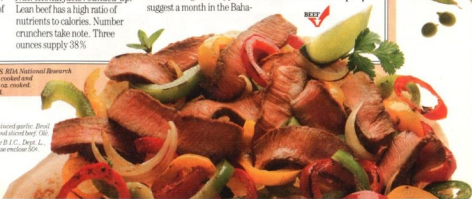
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*Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1980, 10th Edition. Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3-oz. serving. Also, uncooked yield 3-oz. cooked.
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LETTERS

price printed on the cover page, I was charged 4.20 rubles. It is a pity because I have such a great interest in your country and its culture.

*Jacob Litovsky
Kiev*

Rejecting the Science Stereotype

Your article [EDUCATION, March 25] seems to praise the fact that some Asian-American students are shifting away from the sciences. You call this a "sign that the overachievers are settling into the mainstream." In Japan and other industrialized nations the very students you call "overachievers" are the mainstream.

*Doris Tsao, 10th grade
Silver Spring, Md.*

Young Asian Americans who are giving up scientific studies represent a loss to the science community, but, oh, what a gain to the professions they have chosen.

*Christine Wagner
Monticello, Ind.*

As two Asian Americans who were expected from birth to become an engineer and a physician, we understand about "strong parental pressure to achieve in areas with high career payoff." However, Americans in general have a different kind

of pressure driving them away from the math-and-science track. This is apparent in the use of the terms geek and science nerd. Scientific and mathematical literacy in the U.S. is dismally low. If youths who show an aptitude for and interest in science were not labeled nerds, then they could obtain a balance in their career choices.

*Piyali and Barnali Som
Evanston, Ill.*

Putting Out Those Fires

The specter of Kuwait's burning oil wells, with their clouds of black smoke, has fired up our readers to figure out ways, some of them novel, to extinguish the flames.

From Sweden, Frank Wiederkehr suggests, "Why not construct a giant steel ball or a cylinder and simply push it across the oil fields and kill the fire?" A fairly drastic measure occurred to John Lord in Honolulu: "Wouldn't a fuel-air fire bomb snuff out the flames by using up all the oxygen?" But several readers had safer, cheaper ideas. Among them was Claude E. Sampson from Divide, Mont.: "Nothing can subdue a fire more quickly than sand. Why not pile up a few million tons and bulldoze it over each inferno? It would save millions."

Professionals and Proud of It

In the story about American soldiers returning from the hazards of the war in the gulf to jobs, perks and other pleasures [BUSINESS, March 18], TIME has insulted each woman of the Mustang Ranch bordello by labeling her a "floozy." Professional prostitutes prefer to be known as "pros." You owe the women of the Mustang Ranch, and all pros, an apology for your careless designation.

*Maurice L. Moss
Winchester, Va.*

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TIME, APRIL 15, 1991

INTERVIEW

Broken Connections, Missing Memories

Chicago neurologist **JACOB FOX** sifts through the intricacies of the brain to separate the symptoms of Alzheimer's disease from spells of ordinary forgetfulness

By **J. MADELINE NASH** CHICAGO

Q. Many older people, noticing they have trouble remembering things, are petrified that they may be developing Alzheimer's. Are their fears warranted?

A. One of about every 20 patients I see at Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Medical Center could be described as an Alzheimer's-phobic. My rule of thumb is that the person who thinks he or she has Alzheimer's doesn't. Almost invariably, the Alzheimer's patient is brought in by a family member. Either the patient is not aware of the problem or just can't get it together to make an appointment with a doctor.

Q. But why do so many older people seem to have trouble with memory lapses?

A. There's something known as age-associated memory impairment. It sometimes takes the form of absentmindedness, like misplacing things. The typical story is, you come into the house, you put your briefcase down, and you're distracted by something. Maybe the kids are having a fight. So you go break up the fight, and then you can't remember where you put your briefcase. Another common difficulty is thinking of names, particularly proper names. I myself have always had difficulty with names, and I've always been slightly absentminded. So when a person comes in with complaints about memory, I can say with a great deal of honesty that we both have the same problem, only I have it worse.

Q. Have you ever tried to train yourself to have a better memory?

A. Most memory tricks have to do with connecting words to visual images. When I've tried it, I couldn't remember the visual image I was supposed to recall!

Q. What is usually the first symptom of Alzheimer's disease?

A. The typical patient starts with memory problems and then deteriorates into more general confusion. A truck driver may keep delivering things to the wrong place, or a bookkeeper may not be keeping the books right anymore. Motor skills are usually retained longer, although certain patients will have difficulty early on with tasks like using a screwdriver or tying shoelaces.

Q. Why is memory the first to go?

A. In Alzheimer's disease one of the most profoundly affected areas of the brain is the hippocampus. Memories may not actually be stored in the hippocampus. Instead the area may act as a retrieval mechanism for reaching those memories.

Q. Why then do Alzheimer's patients often retain vivid memories of childhood events?

A. There is reason to believe that recently learned information is not dealt with in the same way as information learned a long time ago. So, even though the hippocampus may be involved in learning something initially, as time goes on, that information may be stored or processed in other areas of the brain. This may, in fact, be the explanation for why Alzheimer's patients initially have problems learning and remembering new things, but are better at remembering old things.

Q. What exactly does Alzheimer's disease do to the brain?

A. People argue about this. There are billions and billions of cells that make up the brain, like the bricks that make up a house, and for years it was thought that Alzheimer's disease was caused by a loss of these cells. Some recent studies suggest,

however, that what is important may not be a loss of cells so much as a shrinkage. Each brain cell has a central body, attached to which are the axons and dendrites. The simplest way to think about it is that the dendrite is the part of the cell that receives information, and the axon is the part that sends information out. Maybe it's these axons and dendrites that shrink.

Q. The axons and dendrites connect one brain cell to another. Is this why they are central to memory?

A. When you learn something and retain it, something must change in the brain. Most people now believe that what happens is that certain connections between brain cells and groups of brain cells become enhanced. So it's reasonable to believe that an illness like Alzheimer's these connections may be the first things to be disrupted.

Q. What distinguishes an Alzheimer's brain from a normal brain?

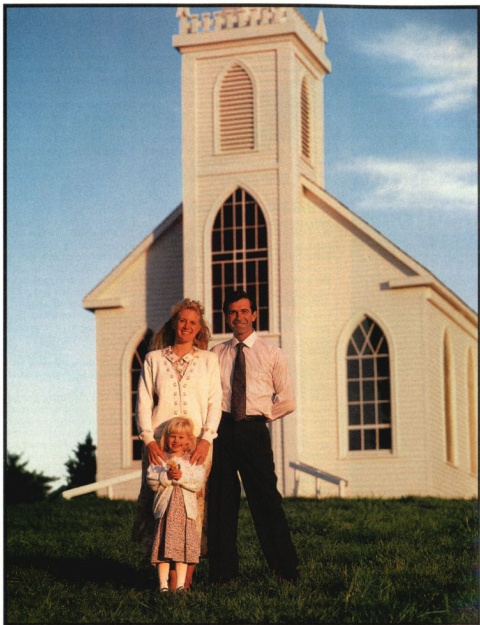
A. When are two pathological hallmarks of Alzheimer's: plaques and tangles. A plaque appears to be a conglomeration of deteriorating nerve-cell terminals. A tangle, on the other hand, is a conglomeration of deteriorating neurofilaments, little tubes that traverse the central body of a brain cell. Sometimes the cell dies, and that's left is the tangle. The question is: Which abnormality is key?

Perhaps the answer is neither. If you just looked at heart tissue after a heart attack, you would see scarring. You would realize that what caused the heart attack was the fact that a blood vessel was blocked. So in Alzheimer's disease maybe we are seeing only the second or third or fourth steps; maybe we have yet to locate where the real action is. In other words, plaques and tangles may just be the gra-

"If these patients could come out of their state for a moment, knowing they would return to a state of absolutely no comprehension and no hope, would they want to be kept alive? Would I want to be kept alive like that?"



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INTERVIEW

of brain cells and may not speak to what caused their deaths.

Q. Do you have any favorite theory about what causes Alzheimer's?

A. I can honestly say that when it comes to the cause of Alzheimer's, I'm an agnostic. I'm waiting to find out. One theory is that if we all lived to 120, we'd all get Alzheimer's disease. I think if you told people they would get Alzheimer's when they were 120 years old, they wouldn't be terribly upset. The real question, then, is, Why do some people get Alzheimer's at age 50, 60, 70, 80?

Q. Is Alzheimer's disease really as frighteningly common as it appears?

A. A diagnosis of Alzheimer's used to be reserved for younger people who became prematurely senile. Senility in older people was believed to be due to something else, like hardening of the arteries. But now we know that the difference between senile old people and normal old people is that one group generally has Alzheimer's and the other doesn't. We also know that Alzheimer's becomes more common as people grow older, and since the population of this country is aging, we are seeing more patients with Alzheimer's. A colleague of mine estimates that 10% of people over 65 have Alzheimer's, and past the age of 85 the number may approach 50%. So sometime in the next century, when we have 80 million people in this country above the age of 65, we might have 8 million Alzheimer's patients.

Q. Last year a woman diagnosed with Alzheimer's killed herself with the help of a "suicide machine." What was your reaction?

A. That incident was unfortunate because it focused attention on death in mildly affected patients, whereas the biggest problem for those of us who care for Alzheimer's patients is the prolongation of life in advanced stages of disease. The question for us is, When patients inevitably lose the ability to swallow, should we advise their families to put in a stomach tube to feed them? My own personal advice is that they shouldn't. If these patients could come out of their state for a moment, knowing they would return to a state of absolutely no comprehension and no hope, would they want to be kept alive? Would I want to be kept alive like that? It's not being kept alive as a human being, but as a shell, and that seems inappropriate to me. The truth is, the person is gone and doesn't really care.

Q. What's hardest for families who are trying to cope with an Alzheimer's patient?

A. The realization that the person is different. For all of us, our definition of personhood to some extent involves thinking and understanding. I'm not saying that the person with Alzheimer's is no longer a human

being. But it's not like losing a leg. When you lose a leg you're still the same person you were before. Here, as the brain fails, the person becomes like a shadow, like a reflection in the pool that is very, very blurry.

Q. What advice do you have for families struggling with an Alzheimer's patient?

A. People frequently use their children as a model for dealing with an Alzheimer's patient. But to treat patients as you would a child, to try to teach them and train them, is absolutely counterproductive. I tell families not to be bothered by what the Alzheimer's patient does if it's just a bother in theory. The best example of this is the patient who paces or talks to the television set, or who does a task over and over again. Maybe they'll keep folding or unfolding laundry, or maybe they like to wash the same dish 20 or 30 times. Family members tell me it's driving them crazy. My answer is, What are you going to have this person do instead of folding and unfolding laundry? Are they going to read Plato? Are they going to go to a play by Shakespeare? What's the big deal?

Q. Is there anything an early-stage Alzheimer's patient should not be allowed to do?

A. The one thing I'm adamant about is driving. We've done a study where approximately a third of our patients, if we look six months back, have either been involved in an accident or have had a moving violation. So generally we advise that Alzheimer's patients shouldn't drive. Sometimes, if this upsets the patient, I tell the family. Put the car away and say it's been stolen. Disconnect the battery and say the car is not working. Steal the keys, if you have to.

This is what I call creative lying, and again, the wrong model is child rearing. If young children do things you don't like, you don't lie to them about the reasons, because, after all, you are trying to teach them the correct way to behave. But an Alzheimer's patient is not learning anymore, and so the issue for the family is not training or teaching, but surviving. I don't see the harm in little white lies, or even not-so-little white lies, if they maintain a certain degree of peace in the family unit.

Q. How hopeful are you that ways of treating Alzheimer's disease will be found?

A. Currently we have no proven treatment. I really don't know, but I think that in the next few years we could begin to have reasonable palliative treatments, meaning medicines that improve the symptoms of the patients and make them function better. But there's no good reason to believe that treating the symptoms will prevent progression of the disease. If people are in pain from cancer, they're clearly better off if you treat the pain. But they still have the cancer.

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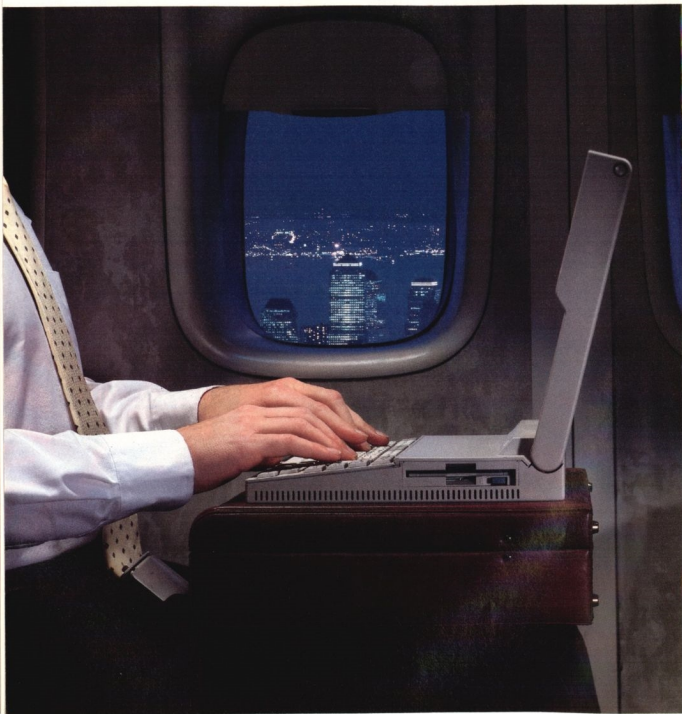
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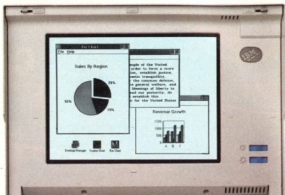
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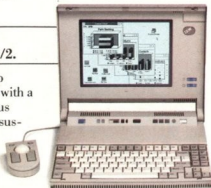


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STORY SHIPMENTS rose in June to \$235.86 billion after seasonal adjustments revised \$235.86 billion in May, the Commerce Department reports.

The Federal Standards Board started requiring that annual standards reports break down assets and investments by cash flow. Before the FSB requirements, the rules did not go far enough, noting that it doesn't permit stating cash flow on a per-share basis.

Durable Goods

In billions of dollars.

New Orders received by ers of durable goods rose in adjustable 125 billion.

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

EASTERN NEWS

to
Again

By JOHN RICHARDS

MEGAL—On a hot day last summer, employees of the major industries of the conglomerate San Megal Inc. giving thanks for what seemed a without massive debt, San Megal has succeeded in reducing its border by more than half. The company was hoping to resume growth after what was a debit decade.

Transportation Reach New Low For Second Time This Year. Several restructuring steps intended to make transportation more profitable are under way.

Outlook For Energy Stocks may be gloomy, but they are on their way up. Three big energy stocks posted strong results for the second quarter.

San Megal Conglomerate Cuts Costs and Gets Back To Business.

They Win More From The Banks Than Government Loans See Profits

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GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS/Reported by Sidney Urquhart

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SYRIAN	4
SAUDI	2
KUWAITI	1



Thumbs Down from Stormin' Norman

General Norman Schwarzkopf privately has been harshly critical of the military performance of America's Arab allies. Using U.S. soldiers as the standard, he told Washington officials that only the Egyptian and Syrian armies displayed an adequate level of combat competence. But the general asserts that even the best Arab divisions were only about half as good as his own troops, who evidently rated a 10. The Soviet-trained Egyptian army, for example, was unable to adapt rapidly to fast-paced ground warfare. On one occasion Schwarzkopf had to re-

quest Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak to order his troops into battle. Schwarzkopf also calls the Kuwaiti and Saudi ground forces the worst in the coalition, and he saves special criticism for inept Saudi army commanders, many of whom are members of the royal family. The allied chief preferred to deal almost exclusively with the Saudi air force.

China's Eager Missile Merchants

Relations between the U.S. and China are being threatened by Beijing's renewed efforts to sell the weapons and technology of mass destruction. Intelligence sources say the Chinese delivered M-11 missiles to Pakistan last month. The M-11, with a range of about 180 miles, is capable of carrying nuclear warheads. Meanwhile China is offering Syria M-9 missiles, which have a range of about 375 miles. Last month Assistant Secretary of State Rich-

ard Solomon flew to Beijing to protest the sales. China's missile mongering means Beijing has turned its back on a commitment to Washington that it would no longer sell such weapons in the region. Despite the U.S. pressure, China seems determined to continue the arms bazaar. Beijing officials are well aware that the U.S. is reluctant to stop Syrian President Hafez Assad—an allied coalition partner in the gulf war—from making a major weapons purchase.

Sorry, Sandinistas, Your Lease Is Up

Duilio Baltodano, Nicaragua's Attorney General, faces the daunting task of trying to return to the original owners millions of dollars' worth of property confiscated by the Sandinistas. Baltodano has logged more than 6,000 restitution claims, but one particular petition has caught his attention: a large house occupied since 1979 by former Sandinista President Daniel Ortega. The motion to evict Ortega will probably be decided in June, and Baltodano seems confident of success. There's just one catch. If the former President refuses to move, the task of evicting him ultimately falls to the army. And Ortega's brother Humberto still runs it.

Can't You Yanks Take a Joke?

Never mind trade issues: the U.S. and Japan can't even agree on what's funny. That culture gap was illustrated recently when a Japanese businessman on a United Airlines flight from Tokyo to San Francisco handed a flight attendant a trash-filled airsickness bag and claimed it was a bomb. His attempt at humor didn't go over very well with the crew, which placed the bag carefully in a protective box, dumped fuel and headed back to Japan. Last week the prankster paid United a relatively small damage settlement of \$29,000. An airline lawyer explained that after the man apologized, the company decided to take a "very Japanese action" and not sue for the total costs of the returned flight.

The Porky Awards

What's happening in Washington? Not much, actually. Except for a few committees examining high-profile issues, many legislators are coasting from the recent Easter holiday toward the Memorial Day recess. But the slowdown hasn't kept some of them from two favorite diversions: pork-barreling and politicking. The envelope, please...

Pork-Barrel Lifetime

Achievement Scroll: ROBERT BYRD

This senior Democrat really knows how to deliver the bacon. Chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee, he lately had two federal agencies moved to his home state of West Virginia.

The Joe McCarthy Demagoguery

Citation: NEWT GINGRICH

When the Georgian isn't slamming Democrats for opposing the war, he's sniping at fellow G.O.P.ers for straying from the True Blue. Colleagues wonder, Why should we take this from a guy who sat out Vietnam?

Grumpy Gus Cup: HENRY GONZALEZ

Fellow members of the House Banking Committee gripe that the septuagenarian Democrat spews a lot of gruff talk but has a poor grasp on the regulatory challenges of a financial-system overhaul.

Silver-Plated Muzzle: JOE BIDEN

Judiciary Committee hearings seldom get under way until the Delaware Democrat finishes showboating with witnesses as the TV cameras roll.

Nowhere Man Plaque: WILLIAM NATCHER

Capitol Hill wags say that Kentucky's Democratic Congressman is the perfect candidate for an American Express commercial. He's been in office since 1954, but no one's found out about it yet.

Sleazemeister Supreme Trophy: ALFONSO D'AMATO

New York's Republican will be investigated by the Senate ethics panel for housing subsidies awarded to contributors and friends. His shameless dealmaking embarrasses colleagues, who may issue a reprimand.

"Gorby's Girls"



Mikhail Gorbachev's glasnost reforms have provided an unusual twist on the old story about girls who leave home seeking fame, but wind up exploited in the big city. Eleven young Soviet women emigrated to Toronto in January, lured by the promise of high-priced modeling jobs. Instead they wound up working as nude table dancers at several strip clubs. The women, billed at one club as "Gorby's Girls," say they were kept as virtual prisoners in a locked apartment during the day. Eventually, a bar patron learned of the group's plight and called police. While the Soviet strippers face deportation, local citizens are offering financial help and even proposals of marriage. Immigration officials, who charged the club owners with hiring illegal workers, are investigating reports that many other Soviet women may have been imported to Canada through similar scams.

World

TIME/APRIL 15, 1991

● IRAQ

Defeat And Flight

While much of the world sits back and watches, Saddam Hussein and his resurgent army send hundreds of thousands of Kurdish refugees on a piteous quest for sanctuary

By HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN

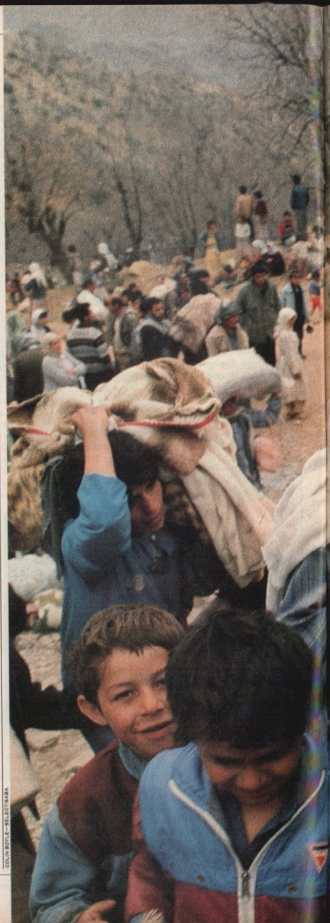


Beset by the Arabs, Turks and Iranians who surround them, the Kurds say they have no friends save the mountains. And it was to the mountains that hundreds of thousands of—some say as many as 3 million—Kurds fled last week for refuge from the wrath of Saddam Hussein.

It had all seemed so different for a brief spring of hope. Taking advantage of Saddam's humiliation in Kuwait, the Kurds liberated the major northern cities of Erbil, Sulaymaniyah and Kirkuk. They blessed Haji Bush for initiating their salvation, granting the American President the title earned by Muslims who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. They were certain that the U.S. and its allies—who had repeatedly urged Iraqis to throw off Saddam's yoke—would come to their aid. But their joy lasted for only one cruel moment. By the end of March, Saddam's loyal forces had crushed the rebellion, and the Kurds awoke to their perpetual nightmare: defeat and flight.

And so hundreds of thousands of beaten rebels and terrified civilians commandeered Toyotas, donkey carts, bicycles and buses to flee the battle zone and the retribution of Iraqi troops. Columns of people and vehicles, sometimes 50 miles long, snaked into the hills. Families packed themselves into the scoops of bulldozers. Tractors dragged trailers overloaded with passengers. Tourist buses wheezed desperately up the mountain roads. Near the Turkish border, a tall, eagle-faced man strapped 14 members of his family—including seven children, his wife and his grandmother—and

Into the mountains: beyond lay the snowcaps and hunger, but below and behind were fire and death and tales of terror.



UNICEF/REUTERS





In the north, climbing as far as their feet will take them: Where was Haji Bush? Even the enemy of their enemy had not proved to be their friend.

innumerable pots, kettles, basins and chicken coops to a huge John Deere tractor. As he helped extract the car of a Western journalist mired in a bog, he spat out a complaint: "Why? Why do you Americans allow this to happen? Saddam will kill us all—men, women and children. Why doesn't Bush do something? Why should all my children die? Why?"

The Kurds had no patience for geopolitical explanations. They were bitter at what they considered the betrayal of the U.S. Two weeks earlier, Washington seemed to promise that it would protect them from Saddam's unbridled use of air power, but now they were under constant fire from the sky. "We complained 10 times to the Americans that the Iraqis were using fixed-wing aircraft against us. We never received a reply," said an aide to Massoud Barzani, the commander in chief of the rebels. "One might think the U.S. and Mr. Bush want to see all the Kurds massacred."

If even the enemy of their enemy would not prove to be their friend, there were only the mountains to run to. The journey ahead was painful and for some nearly impossible. Outside the town of Kalak an el-

derly woman, wounded in the leg, sat helplessly by the side of the road, sweat pouring from her face. Beyond lay the snowcaps and hunger and the cries of unshod children sobbing from frostbite. But below and behind were worse fates: fire and death and tales of terror.

Against Kirkuk, a city of nearly a million, Saddam had unleashed an indiscriminate barrage from tanks, helicopter gunships, heavy artillery, Katyusha rockets and ground-to-ground missiles. The Kurds reported raids by Sukhoi bombers as well—despite the coalition ban on Iraq's use of fixed-wing aircraft. Kamal Kirkuki, a member of the Kurdish resistance, claimed that more than 100,000 women and children had been captured around the city. "If the Iraqis act true to form," he said, "they will all be butchered." One horror story was being passed from mouth to mouth: of Kurdish infants strapped to the flanks of attacking Iraqi tanks. Whether such tales are true or exaggerated, the Kurds have good reason to fear reprisals from a government that has systematically set out to destroy their culture and homeland.

Nor were the Kurds Saddam's only victims. While civilians throughout Iraq struggled to replace shattered power plants and water lines—not to mention scrounging for food—the regime threw its energy into smashing the Shi'ite rebels in the south who want Saddam's secular Baathist regime replaced by Islamic rule. In the five weeks since the liberation of Kuwait, Baghdad has retaken every major rebel-held city and town, sometimes with terrifying vindictiveness.

Saddam took aim first at the south, where he gathered the remnants of his defeated army and the armor that escaped the allies into a loyal force that rapidly overwhelmed the weak and ill-equipped Shi'ite insurgents. He dispatched two republican Guard divisions that had been stationed around Baghdad to ensure the efficiency of the Iraqi troops that had failed so miserably against the allied coalition. This time it was the Shi'ite rebels who were doomed to failure. They lacked joint command-and-communications systems and were dependent largely on weapons and ammunition abandoned by Iraqi soldiers as they fled the allies. The holy sites of Karbala and Najaf, so meticulous



In the south, an Iraqi mother and child rest en route to the border.



The ruins of Karbala: avoided by the allies, ravaged by Saddam.



Phosphorus burns: a peshmerga recovers at a frontier hospital.

avoided by coalition bombing raids, were reportedly ravaged. In some cases targeted with napalm and phosphorus, thousands of civilians streamed toward the southern sector of the country occupied by U.S. troops. Ordered not to intervene, American soldiers could offer little more than food, water and medical assistance.

In the north, things were different, and for almost a month the Kurds lived a dream. An uprising that began on March 4 in the town of Rania spread like a sandstorm to engulf all Iraqi Kurdistan. The *peshmerga* (those who face death), as the rebel fighters are called, did not need to capture towns, as local Iraqi Kurdish militiamen spontaneously joined the rebellion. Fighter Kamal Kirkuki repeated joyfully to all who would listen, "We Kurds are finally free." Jails were thrown open; prisoners set at liberty. Kurds spoke openly of their travails without fear of retribution from Baghdad's once omnipresent spies. Even the discovery of the horrors of Saddam's torture camps—corpses studded with maggots, canisters of rotting human flesh stored at local outposts of the dreaded Estikbarat (military intelligence), prisoners who had not seen the light of day for so

many years that they thought they were still living in the 1970s—seemed a catharsis before the new era of freedom.

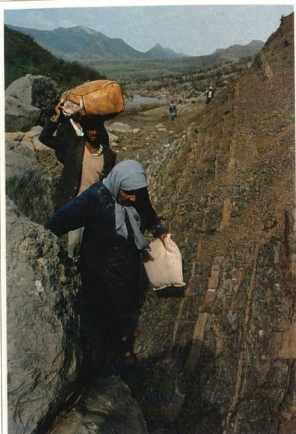
Less than 20 miles north of Erbil, commander in chief Barzani was granting confident interviews from his luxurious new headquarters—the concrete villa of Saddam Hussein in the hill town of Salahuddin. "We realize that an independent Kurdistan is out of the question," he told TIME.

"All we want is the right to till our land in peace, the right to local government, the right to speak our language and have it taught in our schools." The rebel leader's bodyguard lounged around in the pink-and-beige interior, staring out through floor-to-ceiling windows at the snowy mountains glowing pink in the sunset. For Barzani, the rapid ouster of the regime from Kurdistan was vindication for his father Mustafa, who died in exile in 1979 after his own uprising against Baghdad failed. "We were all taken by surprise at the swiftness of our victory," Barzani acknowledged.

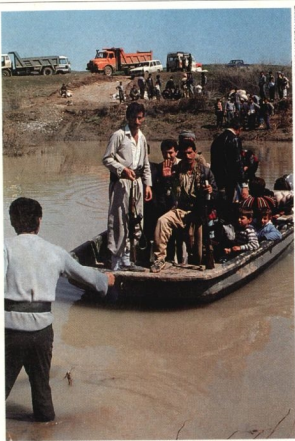
But defeat was equally swift. With the

south subdued, Saddam was able to move 100,000 more troops north, rapidly outnumbering the Kurdish fighters. Within a week government forces had relieved the siege of Mosul, the third largest city in Iraq. In the same period, Kirkuk, Erbil, Sulaymaniyah, Zaku and other Kurdish-occupied cities were reconquered.

The Kurds fought back bravely. But there was a stylized, almost medieval ferocity to their resistance. The *peshmerga* were dressed in turbans and baggy khaki trousers. Along with their AK-47s, S&W and submachine guns, they carried a traditional dagger stuck into their sashes. "I am very happy," said one *peshmerga*. He pointed toward the battle zone to indicate the source of his joy: "War." Possessed of an incredible sense of honor, the *peshmerga* buried all the Iraqi soldiers they killed with full military honors. Explained Idries Makmoud, a *peshmerga* commander: "That is the honorable way." Attempting to retake Kirkuk, a band of warriors came under attack from Iraqi helicopter gunships near the town of Altun Kupri. As the aircraft came around again and again, the *peshmerga* opened fire. Suddenly a line of men rose up, wrapped their arms round one an-



Clinging to safety: Kurds bound for Turkey, shielded by ramparts.



On a boat and a prayer: rebels head across the Tigris for Syria.

other and sang and danced. Only the setting sun prevented the helicopters from slaughtering them all.

Just three days after Barzani spoke to TIME, his headquarters was a shambles as the commander tried to pull his forces together. For want of a better communications system, handwritten requests for supplies and assistance, scribbled on pieces of children's notepaper, were passed from soldier to soldier until they reached the chief. There was little opportunity to consider each message. Hearing news that Kirkuk had fallen to the Iraqis, Barzani waved off a request for an interview. Said an aide: "We can't hold the cities. We cannot deal with ground-to-ground missiles, helicopters, warplanes and heavy artillery. How can boys and old men stand up to the Republican Guard?" His advice: "Leave as quickly as possible. The battle for the plains is over. Now we must continue the battle in the mountains."

Civil wars inevitably result in mass migration, but the forced exodus out of Iraq's north and south seemed almost as much the product of deliberate policy. In Kurdistan babies have reportedly been suffering from marasmus and kwashiorkor, diseases usually brought on by the severe malnutrition endemic to countries like Sudan and Ethiopia. The infants' limbs were

stringy, their faces shrunken to their skulls, their eyes filled with pus. "There are many of them like this in this region," said Dr. Sabry Hassan of the Zaku General Hospital, "but we have nothing to keep them alive with." Since the Kuwait invasion last August, Saddam has channeled his country's meager supplies to his power base in central Iraq, thereby imposing a kind of selective starvation on his Shi'ite and Kurdish enemies.

Before fleeing to the hills, Barzani complained of his people's predicament. "We have two blockades," he said, "one from Baghdad, which purposely starved Kurdistan of food and medicine, and the U.N. blockade, which strangled Iraq. Now the U.N. is talking about emergency food relief for Iraq, but does it really believe Saddam will feed the Kurds? No, he will let them starve. And those he does not starve he will order his troops to kill."

As refugees, not only were the Kurds more numerous than the Shi'ites but their prospects were more dire. The mountains presented a formidable rampart of bare stone, their soaring cliffs and giant crevices providing few navigable passes to borders across which few would be welcome. As

they trekked up into the barren ranges, the Kurds saw constant reminders of their brutalized past: rusting pipes, a few foundation stones, the ruins of a gristmill, the skeletal remnants of Kurdish villages demolished by Baghdad during earlier repression.

In some places the escape track became a mess of mud; many abandoned their cars and trucks to wade through the bog. Sentries, set up every 3,300 ft., watched the skies for approaching enemy helicopters, which they called "damnation birds." Not all destinations were reachable. Syria, for example, was arrived at by crossing the Tigris on a boat and a prayer, through some 30,000 mines planted in the riverbank on the Iraqi side. The *pesherga* boats that ferried refugees were at the mercy of incoming Iraqi shells, and the few bridges had already been blown up. By last week, Baghdad had completely shut down the escape route into Syria.

So the Kurds headed north and east toward Turkey and Iran. It was impossible to estimate the number bottled up at those borders. Tehran claimed that 1 million to 2 million Kurds were seeking sanctuary in Iran and that 200,000 had entered its territory. Foreign Minister Ali Akbar Velayati announced that his country would continue to keep its frontiers open to the refu-



In U.S. occupied Iraq, refugees wait for food and water. Baghdad has retaken major rebel-held cities with terrifying vindictiveness.

gees. Iran's generosity toward the Kurds is hardly based on altruism: it is designed partly to mollify Iran's own restless Kurdish minority, which makes up 9% to 12% of the population, and partly to improve the country's deplorable human-rights image.

Despite pressure from Washington and London, Turkey's borders were closed. "We are trying to help the refugees on both sides of the border," President Turgut Ozal said. "There are already 100,000 of them inside Turkey and another 150,000 in Iraq. The number is much higher than we can handle."

Turkey's problem is that it already has 7 million to 14.5 million Kurds on its territory. For a decade, Turkey has been trying to suppress Kurdish agitation for autonomy in its eastern provinces. Ankara believes even an autonomous Kurdish region in the area would seduce Turkish Kurds into secession and secession. Many Turkish military men argue that Saddam is using the refugees to take revenge on Turkey for standing with the coalition. "If Saddam wanted to annihilate these people, he could have done it easily," a Turkish officer allegedly said. "He has not done it. He is pushing them toward us." Though he remained unspecific, Ozal has said he would not object to allied action. Said he: "The most important thing is to stop the aggression by Saddam Hussein. If

pressure is put on him and the necessary measures are taken, then I think this can be solved like Kuwait."

Some Western analysts also believe that Saddam is engaging in a kind of demographic sabotage. "The refugees are being buzzed and shot at by gunships from behind," said a British diplomat, "clearly with intent to force them toward the borders." Kurdish leader Kirkuki agreed: "The Iraqis are continuing to herd us to these rocky cemeteries in order to rid themselves of the Kurdish problem once and for all."

Caught between a furious army and a closed border, the Kurds are forced to cling to their cold, granite friends. Supplies must traverse precipitous land routes to reach them, hampered in part by the dilapidation of the two bridges in the area of the Turkish border. Ankara, however, does not appear to be in any hurry to come in with repairs.

With a straight face, Baghdad has denied that it is attacking innocent civilians and has cynically claimed that it was only taking "proper action against those few who decided to take the law into their hands and have attacked the state." While Iraqi troops have been indiscriminately blasting through the south and north,

Baghdad Radio has been calling on the refugees to "return home and enjoy the victory and security that is everyone's." No one has anything to fear, the radio has insisted, "except those who committed crimes of killing, burning and stealing or who took up weapons in the face of the government." Exhausted by flight, a few thousand Kurds reportedly took up the offer and returned to Sulaymaniyah late last week.

Most, however, continued to the hills. Somewhere between Turkey and Iraq, the mountains are providing shelter for farmer-poet Mohammed Said and his wife and children. A few weeks ago, during the brief brush with freedom, he had allowed a display of ethnic pride: "I am the rose of Eden, I am the flame that lights the Kurdish darkness, I am the offspring of the Mit-tani, the Kassites, the Hurrians and the Medes. I am cousin to Alexander the Great, and the juice of the pomegranate drips from my lips like wine." Finally, he said, the suffering of his people was over. "We could not speak our language or play our music for fear of death. Now all this has changed."

It has not. Whether in Iraq or Turkey, Syria or Iran, the Kurds are destined to remain an orphan nation. —*Reported by William Mader/London and James Wilde/Altun Kupri*



In their brief spring of hope, the peshmerga gather near Erbil for battle with the Iraqi army

Six Days with the Kurds

A TIME correspondent is on hand as the embattled rebels fight, then becomes part of a tidal flight to safety

By JAMES WILDE ALTUN KUPRI



The preparations for the battle begin at 6 a.m. at the only gas station operating in Erbil. Hundreds of vehicles line up to be filled: trucks, jeeps, Hondas, Toyotas, school buses, ambulances, three-wheelers. The uprising is at risk. Saddam's best troops have launched a five-pronged offensive backed by a panoply of modern weapons and troops who never took part in the gulf war.

By evening the sun is boiling red, but the wind is cool. The men become silent. It is the moment of peace before the carnage, and the peshmerga savor these remaining minutes. In only a few hours, many of them will be dead or wounded. But they grin fiercely, and one fighter with mustaches that stretch inches from either side of his face barks, "I will use these to strangle Saddam!"

By nightfall the long file of vehicles, most plastered with mud as camouflage, departs with machine guns poking through the windshields and horns blaring. The men burst into song, raising their fists and waving their weapons, their faces beaming, their eyes aflame.

The motley convoy stops before the small town of Altun Kupri, 25 miles from Kirkuk, and everyone jumps out. A truck with a flat tire zooms by from the direction of the city carrying wounded. One can smell the odor of burned flesh as it passes.

As the twilight gathers, Abdul Rahman Aju Ali, 54, a barrel-shaped man with fierce eyes, explains, "We will attack at night."

Suddenly the lookout on the hill yells, "Helicopters! Helicopters!" There are seven of them, all firing rockets. There is incoming artillery fire: *boom-whistle-bang-boom-whistle-bang-boom-whistle-bang-boom-whistle-bang*. What follows is a mad melee of men scattering like quicksilver into gullies, ditches, crevices, behind hillocks, into hollows. The peshmerga are helpless before these gunships, but it is not for want of trying. They tear open with everything they have: anti-aircraft guns, rockets, small arms, machine guns, even mortars. But their fire is confused and disorganized. The "damnation birds" keep wheeling around and coming back, untouchable.

The night mercifully hides the dusty smoke of artillery. Three 175-mm field guns are outlined against the full-moon sky with piles of shells beside them and peshmerga pulling the lanyards. The subsequent roar deafens the ears with the sound of a thousand church bells ringing. Then a moment of magic silence, and somewhere a night bird's lilting song brings out the stars. God knows why.

In Erbil one sees why everybody is fleeing. The giant mosaic portrait of Saddam on the outskirts of town is riddled with bullet holes. The Kurdish parlia-

ment building is a trashed and gaping shell holes. No one knows what is going on, but everyone is caught in a fright, which soon sweeps the city as it is doing all the other towns. On a street corner, Kurds huddle in a snowball fight with snow out of a truck brought down from the mountains for drinking water. A young girl is cowering in a yard huddled with the visitor a messenger. "For my brother in London, Ontario, Canada," she says. "Tell my brother Narwan we are well."

There is only one road left going west on which to escape. Way up in

Korak mountains, the refugees are still away from it. The full moon turns everything to silver. The stars are blue ice. Hussein Haji's family lays out the blankets, trimmed with gold and silver feather mattresses. They produce the main food in the tiny hamlet for the refugees to eat. "Don't worry, we will survive," says Haji. "We've been surviving for centuries." He uses the last of his gas to accompany us to the next bridge, and has to travel back 12 miles to the village.

Mohammed the driver chases all the way to Zakhu for gas to reach the Tigris crossing into Syria. Arriving near the river, everyone gets out and walks, then runs to avoid incoming shells that land every two minutes to interdict supplies crossing over water from Syria, just a few thousand yards across the rushing brown flood. Piled up 220-lb. bags of flour are stacked on the bank.

Mohammed stands out in the rain braving the shelling and the mine-sweeping scream for the boats on the Syrian side to come over. They finally do so. He waves goodbye as the boat crosses to Syria for safety, with shells plopping in the water harmlessly behind it. They sink the boat that tries to cross.

What will happen to Mohammed, his wives and children? What will be the fate of all those thousands of refugees? What will happen to the Kurds left behind? They are staying on to fight and to save those who can be saved. And to bury those who can't. Once again the Kurds are facing a tragedy and a battle. Another uprising has been crushed and this time almost the entire Kurdish nation is on the run.

KIN SHIP.



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Who Are the Kurds?

Centuries of oppression have made them a people prepared to die for nationhood

It is not the first time Kurdish hopes for a homeland have ended in disaster. Their guerrillas call themselves *peshmarga*—those who face death—and over the years many have perished in aborted attempts to carve out a land of their own from the lands of rulers who despise them. Saddam Hussein has for years tried to eliminate them.

Since 1975 four of every five Kurdish villages have been leveled; many of their residents have been moved to resettlement towns and detention camps in the southern deserts. When the U.S.-led coalition drove the Iraqi army from Kuwait, hundreds of thousands of displaced Kurds trekked north to reclaim their ancestral lands—only to be attacked by Saddam and forced to flee again.

People Apart

Kurds' ethnic roots reach thousands of years to the Mesopotamia. They are actually called Kurds in the 7th century, when most converted to Islam. Between 14 million and 20 million, most Kurds are Sunni Muslims who have been persecuted by western Iranian landlords to Farsi Kurds. No official borders, but from the Zagros mountains in Iran through parts of Syria and eastern Turkey, Kurds today are farm-



bodyguard, 1946

live in small villages not their competitive clan and unrelenting. They have even earned a reputation for brutality. The Kurds in some Kurdish tribes the massacre of Ar-Ramadi at the end of the 19th century. Perhaps the most famous in history was Saladin, a military leader who led Richard the Lionheart and proved the wildest and most effective defender against the invading Muslims.

Years of Defeat

1920 Before World War I, the Kurds were split between the Ottoman and Persian empires. In the postwar Treaty of Sevres, the colonial powers promised to create a unified independent Kurdish homeland, but the treaty was never ratified.

1925 Kurds rose up against the government in Turkey, but their revolt was soon crushed.

1946 A Soviet-backed Kurdish republic called Mahabad was formed in Iran. When the Soviets withdrew, leaving the Kurds to defend themselves, the republic was overthrown by Iranian troops.

1961 Under the leadership of Mustafa Barzani, organized armed resistance began against Iraqi rule.

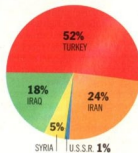
1970 Iraq's Baath Party attempted to pacify rebellious Kurds with an offer of autonomy, but the agreement broke down.

1974-75 The Kurds resumed their fight, this time with the backing of the Shah of Iran. But they were abandoned when the Shah and Saddam Hussein cut a deal. Iran agreed to halt aid to the Kurds, and in exchange Iraq agreed to share sovereignty of the Shatt al-Arab waterway, which provides access to the Persian Gulf.

1988 Saddam avenged Kurdish support of Iran in the 1980-88 Iran-Iraq war. His army used poison gas against the town of Halabja, killing 5,000 Kurds, and destroyed thousands of villages.

Where They Live

Population estimates for Kurds vary widely, from 14 million to 28 million



Source: The Kurdish Library, World Factbook

Oil

One-third of Iraq's total production is from its Kurdish region

Daily total: 3 million bbl

The Course of Conscience

America and its allies confront a new dilemma: how to oppose military intervention but still take responsibility for the victims when the Saddams of the world run amuck

By GEORGE J. CHURCH



"The Kurds don't need talk, they need practical action. It should not be beyond the wit of man to get planes there with tents, food and warm blankets. It is not a question of standing on legal niceties. We should go now."

—Margaret Thatcher, April 3, 1991

As she did so often during her years at 10 Downing Street, Margaret Thatcher cut to the heart of a policy question. A fiery debate over whether the U.S. and its allies should have helped Kurdish and Shi'ite rebels topple Saddam Hussein raged in Europe as well as America. But as far as current policy goes, the wrangling is meaningless because the fighting is effectively over. Right or wrong, the decision was made not to get involved in an Iraqi civil war. Saddam has smashed the revolts; he will stay in power at least temporarily—and for the moment that pretty much is that.

But what does demand an immediate answer is what the U.S. and its friends will do to prevent more deaths among refugees from the failed rebellions and Saddam's bloody vengeance. They number in the hundreds of thousands, if not millions, and their plight has drawn all the passion of hindsight debate. But the argument is critical—especially since the early response of Washington was pitifully inadequate.

If Saddam is rightfully the target of public fury and condemnation for his brutal suppression of the rebels, George Bush has borne the brunt of the blame for Western inaction. The President not only failed to explain clearly why the U.S. was unwilling to support the insurgents, but he seemed to show no mercy when their rebellion turned into a rout. Declared *Washington Post* columnist Mary McGrory: "The sight of those wretched souls streaming into Turkey . . . as Bush abandons them on the 18th hole of a Florida golf course, makes you wonder if in this case it is peace, rather than war, that is hell."

Others did step in. France proposed an amendment to a resolution passed last week by the U.N. Security Council, making an end to Saddam's oppression of his own people another of the conditions that Baghdad must meet to bring a formal cease-fire into effect. When the amendment failed to attract a majority, Paris sub-

stituted a resolution condemning Iraq's repression of rebel supporters that did pass, but it did not specify any measures to be taken if Baghdad refused to stop. Neither the international community nor the Kurds put much faith in Saddam's announced amnesty.

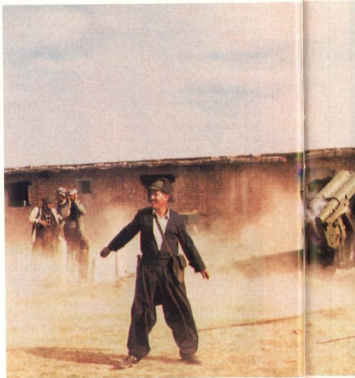
French President François Mitterrand dispatched his Secretary of State for Humanitarian Action, Bernard Kouchner, to northern Iraq to distribute two plane-loads of relief supplies. Asked what would happen if Baghdad objected to Kouchner's dropping in uninvited, Foreign Minister Roland Dumas replied, "Although one must abide by international obligations, sometimes it is necessary to violate international law."

Britain pledged \$40 million to help the refugees. After Thatcher phoned Prime Minister John Major and gave him an earful, London quickly sent three plane-loads of tents and blankets for distribution among Kurdish refugees in Turkey and across the border in Iraq. Germany planned to send four planes with supplies, and France, two planes.

But where was Bush? The answer: bonefishing in Florida. The argument over military intervention aside, there was nothing to stop Washington from dispatching plane-loads of humanitarian aid to the borders. The U.S. surely had stockpiles of food, tents and medicine at hand in southern Iraq, not to mention plenty of transport. In January it gave a drop-in-the-ocean \$1 million to the Red Cross and Red Crescent to study setting up refugee camps in southern Iraq when U.S. forces leave. That was about it.

By Friday, it finally dawned even on the White House that the U.S. had a moral responsibility to do much more—and quickly. From Newport Beach, Calif., en route to Los Angeles to help celebrate the 50th anniversary of the USO, Bush ordered

American planes to air-drop food, blankets, clothing and other relief supplies to refugees suffering in the border mountains. He promised up to \$10 million in emergency aid to the refugees. And he called for a major international effort to keep the Kurds from starving and dying while someone figures out what to do with them.



REBELS: Kurds fire a captured artillery piece in a losing battle for

the town of

Washington will also confer about relief efforts with Ankara, which Secretary of State James Baker visited last weekend. But if the U.S. expects Turkey to take in thousands of refugees, it must deliver enough aid to enable the Turks to care for them. So far, the U.S. has not shown the generosity in adversity on which it prides itself—nothing, for example, like the massive relief dispatched to Armenia when a 1988 earthquake decimated the region.

In this case, the U.S. bears a much greater responsibility, if only because it went to considerable lengths to urge the

to rise up against Saddam. Washington should meet that responsibility by disengaging aid directly to Kurdish refugees in northern Iraq and by treating any objections from Saddam with the same composure by the French. It could send aid to refugees reaching Iran. Such action in concert with a country that is hostile to the U.S. for more than a decade might even help to draw Ayatollah Khomeini's more moderate successors into the world community.

All, no amount of humanitarian aid to refugees is likely to still the retrospective debate over whether the U.S. and its allies should have extended military support to the rebels to keep them from being crushed by the Iraqis. Critics such as Democratic Senator Thomas Daschle of South Dakota and columnist William Safire argue that the U.S. made a terrible mistake by not helping the Kurds and Shi'ites.

country? The critics mostly say they would not have favored that course. But many insist the U.S. would have needed only to shoot down Saddam's helicopter gunships, as Bush once threatened to do. Deprived of air power, argued the critics, Saddam would have been toppled by the rebels or at least forced to come to terms with them.

Bush aides respond that this would only have prolonged the agony. "Going after the helicopters would have been a symbolic gesture, not a serious way to change the outcome of the fighting," said an Administration official. The best U.S. intelligence estimates, he asserted, indicated that "Saddam could have put down the insurgents even without helicopters by using his armor and artillery. If we were really going to help the rebels, we would have had to target tanks and artillery. That would have turned very quickly into full-scale fighting." And then to extricate its

U.S. to move in, and most of the Arab coalition members remain anxious to get U.S. troops out. Bush aides charge that many of the critics either were indulging in moralistic posturing or were just eager to knock the President. "Can you imagine how we would be pounded if we were 'bogged down' in an 'inconclusive civil war' in Iraq?" asks one official.

Which does not take Bush off the hook. He utterly failed to discern the line between military intervention and humanitarian aid. He could have justified rejecting the first without forgoing the second. His unconscionable silence reflected a recurring problem of his foreign policy. The White House apparently believes the public will not understand decisions taken for hard-boiled reasons of national interest; it thinks those reasons must be given a pious cloak. The U.S. launched the gulf war in part to safeguard oil supplies, in part to



PETER DELOND—AP



REFUGEES: a U.S. soldier tries to keep women in line for food at a camp in Safwan

titun Kupri

argument is usually couched in moral terms, having repeatedly called on Iraqis to overthrow Saddam, the U.S. is disgracing itself by standing idly by while those who defied its word are slaughtered. New York Times columnist A.M. Rosenthal bitingly asked Bush: "Why do you sully your name, and our country's, by deliberately allowing Saddam Hussein to massacre the people you urged to rise against him?" But even as a practical matter, could the U.S. have intervened effectively without committing itself to a march on Baghdad and a lengthy occupation of the whole

own troops the U.S. would have become involved in deciding who should govern Iraq, a treacherous choice in the best of times. Organizing a government that could keep the country together among rival Kurds, Shi'ites and Sunni Muslims would have presented as formidable a task as all those doomed attempts, starting in 1963 and continuing for a decade or so, to devise a Vietnamese government that could win popular support.

Nor, say Administration officials, would further fighting have attracted support abroad or at home. No allies urged the

protect allies and punish a naked act of aggression—all of which should have been moral enough. But Bush in addition preached a crusade against a demonized butcher of Baghdad, as if Washington would settle for nothing short of Saddam's departure or demise. That no doubt encouraged Iraqi rebels to expect help the U.S. was unwilling to supply—and led to today's recriminations. It also makes it hard to explain to Americans that while the President has not given up hope that Saddam will be overthrown by his own military, it may not happen.

The problem may be eased by the Security Council's adoption last Wednesday of a resolution setting out the terms for a permanent cease-fire. As expected, the measure requires Iraq to destroy its chemical and biological weapons and ballistic missiles with a range of more than 93 miles, set aside a portion of oil revenues to pay claims arising from its invasion of Kuwait, and swear to respect its 1963 border with that country. On Saturday, Baghdad formally accepted in a 23-page letter to the U.N. that also complained the resolution was harsh and unjust. But, said Saadi Mahdi Saleh, speaker of Iraq's parliament, "we have no alternative but to accept." A U.N. observer force will move into the border areas, allowing the U.S. and allied troops occupying southern Iraq to head home. The Saddam regime, if it survives at all, will be too weakened to threaten its neighbors for a long time to come.

But another question that looms ever larger remains unsettled: when, and under what conditions, is intervention in a country's internal affairs justified? The principle of noninterference is a cherished one, in theory if not always in practice. But moralists have argued that the global community must do something when the Saddams of the world rampage through their own countries. The U.N. cease-fire resolution addresses what has always been considered internal matters, notably by requiring unilateral disarmament. The condemnation of Saddam's repression of the Kurds takes the international body even further in that direction—however ineffectively.

Neither act, however, spells out any new principles for deciding exactly when intervention is justified. Threats to world stability may come increasingly from eruptions in one nation that send floods of refugees across borders and upset a regional or international balance of power. The next such explosion might come in Yugoslavia; further—but perhaps not much further—down the road looms the specter of a bloody dissolution of the Soviet Union.

Unhappily, any attempt to spell out such guidelines seems doomed to failure. The old non-intervention-ever principle is immoral; besides, countries disregard it whenever it suits their interest or when they think they can get away with it. Any attempt to codify principles that the U.N. could make a pass at enforcing would meet insuperable resistance from nations with festering internal disputes. So decisions to intervene will continue to be made on a case-by-case basis and, like the U.S. determination not to aid the anti-Saddam rebels, usually for reasons of realpolitik. That is a messy and unsatisfying answer to a pressing question. But then, that is the way wars usually end. —*Reported by Dan Goodgame and Christopher Ogden/Washington and William Mader/London*

America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

When Monsters Stay Home

At first the winners of the gulf war congratulated themselves for re-establishing the taboo against aggression: invade a neighboring state, and you'll be sorry. But now the loser in the war has exploited an awkward corollary: stay on your own territory, wrap yourself in the cloak of sovereignty, and you can do anything you want. Having been punished for violating the sanctity of borders, Saddam Hussein has found protection behind that same principle as he commits atrocities against his own citizens.

The problem here is not just George Bush's double cross of the Iraqi rebels. Once again the world community has defined its interests and obligations too narrowly, concerning itself with what happens between and among nations rather than what happens inside them.

Before and during the war, Bush constantly compared Saddam with Adolf Hitler. Now critics are asking why the Butcher of Baghdad—and Karbala and Kirkuk—is still President of Iraq. The answer is that since withdrawing from Kuwait, Saddam has been playing by accepted rules; his abominations are once again in the category of internal affairs. Which suggests a disturbing line of speculation about Hitler himself: What if the Führer had resisted the temptations of conquest and been content with the real estate of the Weimar Republic to build the Third Reich, complete with gas chambers and ovens? Would the world have done anything about him?



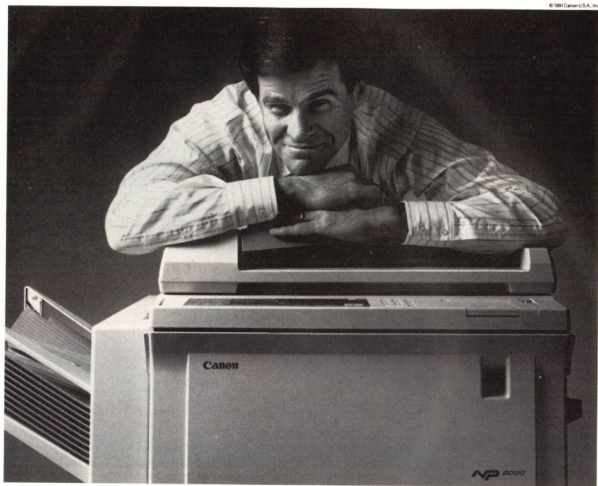
Benevolent intervention: Should the U.N. do it?

There is reason for doubt. In the 1970s Pol Pot slaughtered as many as 2 million Cambodians. But he was a stay-at-home Hitler, so the world merely tut-tutted. When Vietnam finally invaded Cambodia in 1978 and evicted the Khmer Rouge from Phnom Penh, the United Nations in effect judged intervention to be an evil greater than genocide. During the cold war, geopolitics often overrode morality and common sense alike. Vietnam was a Soviet ally; therefore its thrust into Cambodia was perceived, and condemned, as part of the Kremlin's global offensive.

Now that the cold war is over, intervention need no longer be quite so suspect as a cynical gambit on the East-West chessboard. The concept of benevolent interference is already coming back into fashion. Last year, while Liberia was in the throes of its tribal self-immolation, five European envoys in Monrovia pleaded for the U.S. to send in troops to stop the killing. "The interdependence of nations," said an Italian diplomat, "no longer permits other nations to sit idle while one country plunges into anarchy and national suicide." Or, he might have added, mass murder at the hand of its leader.

Last week Lord Hartley Shawcross, who was the chief British prosecutor at the Nazi war crimes trials at Nuremberg, warned that "international law will be a dead letter unless we give criminal jurisdiction to the International Court of Justice and set up a mechanism for enforcing its judgments." The use of force against monster regimes will be easier to justify if sanctioned and undertaken by a multilateral body, presumably the U.N. As Desert Storm showed, the U.S. is as well suited to the role of a sheriff leading a posse as to that of the Lone Ranger.

Saddam's rape of Kuwait and the coalition's bold response helped resuscitate the old idea of collective security. Perhaps the sickening spectacle of what the same coalition is letting Saddam do now will stimulate the world toward a genuinely new idea: collective responsibility for the behavior of governments toward their own people.



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World Notes

AFGHANISTAN

What Khost Victory?

For 12 frustrating years, the stalemated siege of the provincial capital of Khost symbolized the inability of the *mujahedin* to make significant gains against the forces of Soviet-backed President Najibullah. But that situation changed radically last week when the rebels, using anti-mine equipment and tanks, concluded a 19-day coordinated attack by overwhelming the defending forces. In the chaotic fighting, about 150 guerrillas and at least 200 government soldiers died.

While news of the rebel victory prompted surprise and appreciation from the U.S., it



Winging it: mujahedin fighters swing from a captured enemy plane

comes at what may be an awkward time. Tired of waiting for the rebels to prove themselves on the battlefield, Washington has begun urging the resistance to meet Soviet demands that the Najibullah government be allowed to participate

in any postwar national elections. But the rebels, bolstered by their sudden success in taking Khost, want to press on with the war. Nudging the fighting parties toward a permanent peace settlement may be harder than ever.

EGYPT

Nasser's Son Beats the Rap



Khaled awaiting the verdict

The charges against the 20 defendants included murder, attempted murder and undermining Egypt's relations with the U.S. and Israel. The crime: a series of bloody attacks against American and Israeli diplomats between 1984 and 1987. The toll: two Israelis dead, six Israelis and two Americans injured. But the case against the terrorist group known as Egypt's Revolution was exceptional for yet another reason: among the 11 defendants facing the death penalty was Khaled Abdel Nasser, 41, eldest son of former Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Khaled,

an engineer, was accused of financing the group and supplying it with weapons.

Last week the Egyptian Supreme State Security Court acquitted Khaled and four others. Six received suspended sentences. Nine, including the group's alleged leader, Mahmoud Nouredin Soliman, drew sentences ranging from three years to life. President Hosni Mubarak, who will review the verdict, is expected to uphold it. Analysts say it was fair, since the government's case against Khaled was based on hearsay and the confessions of other defendants.

HAITI

A Shock to the System

She won international praise for faithfully steering Haiti to its first free and honest elections. But last week former Supreme Court judge and interim President Ertha Pascal-Trouillot was arrested and charged with complicity in a foiled coup against her own 10-month-old government in January.

The surprise arrest stemmed from a takeover attempt led by former Duvalierist strongman Dr. Roger Lafontant after the populist Roman Catholic priest Jean-Bertrand Aristide won the presidency in the Dec. 16 vote. Pascal-Trouillot has said that she was kidnapped from her home and held hostage for 10 hours before loyalist troops stormed the National Palace and ended the siege. But Lafontant contends he is not guilty of trying to oust the government, because Trouillot willingly handed power over to him. Many Haitians believe that Trouillot and other members of her government stole millions from the national treasury during her administration, but no charges have been leveled to date.

CHUCK HALEMAN / GAMA LIAISON



Trouillot

ALBANIA

It's Not Over By A Long Shot

Albania's communist Party of Labor had scant reason last week to celebrate its landslide victory in the country's historic free elections. Though the communists won a commanding 162 of the 250 People's Assembly seats—against 65 for the opposition Democratic Party before runoffs in undecided contests—their victory ignited some of the worst violence the country has seen in more than a year of escalating unrest.

In the northern city of Shkoder, a local D.P. leader was reportedly shot in the back by security forces as demonstrators surrounded the local communist headquarters to protest the victory. Two others were shot dead as the protesters surged into the building, burning party files and the portraits of communist Albania's founding father, Enver Hoxha. Another shooting victim died later. The port city of Durrës, besieged last month by Albanians seeking any vessel out of their blighted country, braced for a new exodus. While communist leader Ramiz Alia remains the head of both state and

party, he could have trouble continuing the concessions that led to free elections. Party hardliners are in the ascendancy, and

last week's crackdown could even signal a return to the bad old days of Stalinist-style repression.



Police cracking down on anticomunist demonstrators in Tirana

Starving The Schools

Trimming budgets is not enough: school districts are being asked to slice right down to the bone, and children will be feeling the pain

By NANCY GIBBS

Every spring around this time, Gregory Gorbach gets fired. He currently teaches 10th-grade science at Folsom High School outside Sacramento, and he's good at his job. Last month, right on schedule, the principal called him in and handed him a pink slip. But sometime over the summer, once the school district figures out how much money it really has to spend, it may hire Gorbach again. This pattern doesn't do a lot for his morale. "I like teaching," he says, "but if I have to, I'll leave it. I don't feel teachers should have to carry society's burdens."

Here are some of the burdens Gorbach carries: in four of the past eight years, in schools in Ohio and New York as well as California, he has taught without any textbooks at all. Those that he absolutely needs, he pays for himself. "Homework is pretty well out of the question," he says. At one point he had an annual paper budget of 2,000 sheets for five classes of 28 children each. So if each student used one sheet a day, he would run out in three weeks. "If I want to give a test, I buy the paper myself." Most years he spends several hundred dollars of his own money on basic supplies. "And I've been in schools where the budget is a lot smaller."

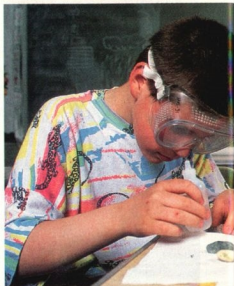
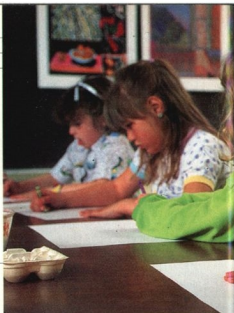
There is nothing unusual about Gorbach, except that he may be luckier than many teachers. During this spring season of fiscal bloodletting, school districts are slicing budgets, and a sense of panic is spreading. One by one, districts are cutting foreign languages, art and music classes, even after-school sports. Class sizes are expanding, and the school year is getting shorter. And every one of these trends is about to get worse, as states are forced to choose between extra cops or extra classrooms, health care or welfare,

higher taxes or less of everything else.

Back in election year 1990, when education was championed as the answer to everything from reducing poverty to increasing competitiveness, rare was the politician who proposed real cuts in school spending. But 1991, the year of recession, falling revenues and rising red ink, has changed all that. Governors are realizing that they cannot saw away at basic services while leaving education untouched. Republican William Weld in Massachusetts, Democrat Mario Cuomo in New York and Independent Lowell Weicker Jr. in Connecticut, hardly ideological bedfellows, have all decided to cut school budgets. Like other embattled Governors, they are also trying to shift resources from rich school districts to poor ones and encourage creative and cost-effective proposals for education reform.

In California, a rich state with weak public schools and a \$12.6 billion budget shortfall, Republican Governor Pete Wilson has asked the legislature to suspend a law that guarantees education 40% of the state's outlays. Last week teachers, parents and politicians flooded the capital to protest his decision. "I'd give up a pay raise if they'd lower my class size," said fourth-grade teacher Melissa Stepanick of Fruit Ridge Elementary School. "I can't be effective with 33 kids." That is no wonder when 1 in 4 California children lives in poverty, 1 in 5 speaks English as a second language, and the school population is growing by 200,000 a year. Says Assemblywoman Delaine Eastin: "It is ridiculous to talk about the competitiveness of California in some global market overseas when we are tearing the heart out of our education system."

Sadly, California is no exception. Everywhere, schools are staggering at the thought of what lies ahead. In Brockton,





Mass., any child who lives within two miles of school no longer qualifies for bus service, so an extra 1,000 have to walk every day. The company that supplies the schools' milk has threatened to stop delivery this week unless its bill is paid—the district owes about \$2.5 million to its creditors. Central Falls, R.I., has asked the state

ONE TOWN'S LOSS:

ARTS

In Oswego, Ill., Laurie Yount's first-grade art class at Eastview Elementary School will be canceled for lack of funds

teaching is next to impossible."

Many communities have tried to head off the cuts by proposing local tax referendums—which time and again are rejected by voters who are already being socked with higher taxes at every level. There is a dismal psychology at work here: some homeowners are unwilling to pay more to educate other people's kids; some parents, out of ignorance or indifference, tolerate mediocrity in their local schools. And some are simply unwilling to pour money down

SCIENCE

Meanwhile, Boulder Hill Grade School will no longer be able to afford hands-on science classes

what seems to them to be a black hole. In Gwinnett County, Ga., voters were so disgusted at junketing county commissioners that they voted down a bond issue for schools. They feared that the money would be wasted—and besides, many argued, having computers in the classrooms was a frivolous expense.

Poor communities are looking for the courts to save them, Robin Hood-style, by shifting funds from richer ones. "There are school districts with swimming pools," growls Steve Honselman, a school-board vice president in Illinois' Casey-Westfield district. "Meanwhile, we don't have advanced-placement classes." He and his

SPORTS

Track and other sports at Traugber Junior High will cease to exist after this year

class action demanding that the state equalize school funding. "With three children in the schools," says Honselman, "we've tried everything from bake sales to raffles to raise funds. But we can't raise enough." Last week Texas failed for a third time to come up with a court-ordered

plan to redistribute funds. The state supreme court has threatened to cut off all school funding, or else will enact its own plan if the legislature does not act. "It would mean total chaos," says Houston school superintendent Joan Raymond.

Behind all the anguish lies a sense of an opportunity missed and now lost. The 1980s saw steadily increased funding for education—but little to show for it in improved performance. "It should have been a time of unprecedented reform," says Ted Sanders, a veteran classroom teacher who is now Deputy Secretary of Education in Washington. "But there was no dramatic turnaround. It raises questions about how we are spending what we have to get what we're looking for." In the prevailing climate of austerity, the education bureaucracy can no longer protect the central office while firing teachers. Teachers' unions are finding it harder to defend lifelong tenure while allowing the youngest, often most energetic instructors to be laid off. And the districts are reviewing programs for special-needs students, which are often exempt from cost-cutting plans that are slicing deep into core programs at every other school. In New York City, a special-education student costs about \$16,000 a year, in contrast to \$7,000 for the typical student.

Officials in Washington express skepticism that more money would solve the problem. "The mere fact that a budget is going up or down doesn't tell me anything," says Charles Kolb, a policy aide to President Bush. "What we need is a debate on why the country spends more per student than all but three countries in the world, but gets less." That debate may well be launched by the newly confirmed Education Secretary, Lamar Alexander, who brings to his post a record of reform from his years as Governor of Tennessee.

Some experiments in creative management are already under way. In Miami a private company will be taking over one school and running it next year. The school of education at Boston University has been managing all the public schools in Chelsea, Mass., for almost two years. Milwaukee has given some poor students vouchers to attend private schools if they choose. Iowa, Arkansas, Utah, Ohio and several other states are experimenting with various forms of school choice.

But all the bright new ideas in the world will be of little use to teachers if they have 50 children in their classrooms, no supplies and no security in their jobs. It is also true that the present crisis in education—both fiscal and philosophical—may present reformers with an opportunity to fix a system that is badly broken. In the process they are drawing on the will and energy of parents, employers, legislators and anyone else who can teach them a lesson. —Reported by Sam Allis/Boston, Ann Blackman/Washington and James Willwerth/Sacramento



Presidential Prankster

Is Ron Kaufman the new Lee Atwater?

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

He orchestrated George Bush's daring behind-enemy-lines raid on Boston Harbor during the 1988 campaign. Later that year, he struck again, winning from several Massachusetts' police groups endorsements of Bush instead of the state's Governor, Michael Dukakis. At the time, he described himself as a practitioner of "psychological terror" and "disinformation."

The late Lee Atwater? Nope, Ron Kaufman, George Bush's new deputy assistant for political affairs. Named last month to the job held by Atwater during the Reagan years, Kaufman comes from the same school of hardball politics as the former Republican Party chairman. Kaufman once asked an associate why his reputation as a prankster was so enduring. Came the reply: "Because you *are* a prankster."

Last summer Kaufman allegedly con-



Kaufman celebrating the election of a Republican as Governor of Massachusetts last year

The White House aide has said he's a master of "psychological terror" and "disinformation."

spired to disrupt the Massachusetts state Democratic convention. Party officials say he helped organize a picket line of local policemen outside the hall in Springfield. The demonstrators roughed up a few would-be conventioners and delayed the start of the ceremonies for a few hours. Within days, the

state party sued Kaufman and other local operatives for damages. Lawyers will take Kaufman's deposition in Boston this week.

Kaufman claims he had nothing to do with the fracas. He insists that he was holed up in a nearby hotel room—and in constant cellular telephone contact with the

If You Can't Beat Bush . . .

The date is July 14, 1992, the second night of the Democratic Convention. Because George Bush retains such a towering lead in opinion surveys that his re-election seems a foregone conclusion, no Democratic heavyweight has been willing to seek the nomination or even show up at the event. Several candidates who make the Seven Dwarfs of 1988 seem giants by comparison have competed for the devalued prize, but none has mustered the 2,144 votes needed for nomination.

Chaos reigns. Then Bob Strauss, the party's guru in chief, comes onto the podium. For President, he intones in a syrupy drawl, we must nominate a great American and my fellow Texan—George Bush. During the stunned silence that follows, Strauss adds a cunning hook: For Vice President, we should select one of our young Democratic chargers, someone whose depth and experience compare favorably with Quayle's lack of same. American voters like to diffuse authority and have scant respect for Quayle. The Democratic ticket will win.

Unprecedented! shouts one delegate. Not at all, Strauss replies. You youngsters forget 1896, when both the Democrats and Populists nominated William Jennings Bryan for President but ran different men for Vice President.

Shameful! cries another delegate. Tut-tut, says Strauss. One of our own would be a heartbeat away from the Oval Office. And when people vote our

slate, our candidates for lower offices will benefit. For the first time in many years, Democrats would have a recognized leader to rally behind, one who could unite the party in 1996.

Bush won't stand for it! yells a skeptic. Don't be so sure, Strauss replies with a knowing twinkle. Bush would rather be known as the first President by acclamation since Washington than as the guy who foisted Quayle on the G.O.P. in '96. And instead of campaigning for months, our First Jock can spend all his time on tennis, golf and the Cigarette boat.

The guru's wisdom grips the hall. Within hours, new placards appear: AL GORE FOR VEEP; DICK GEPHARDT KNOWS HOW TO BE NO. 2; BILL CLINTON IS CUTER THAN DAN QUAYLE. Corporate jets supplied by Strauss's legal clients fan out to fetch the prospects. The Democratic delegates rejoice; they have seen the future, and it is bipartisan.

Totally implausible? Of course, but also perfectly legal. The Draft Bush spoof is being circulated as black humor by underemployed Democratic consultants. As it bounces around, the notion has acquired variations. (A Republican spin: the Democrats try the play, but are so discomfited that they nominate Tom Eagleton for Vice President.) Given the Democrats' performance in recent presidential elections, they could do far

—By Laurence L. Barrett/Washington



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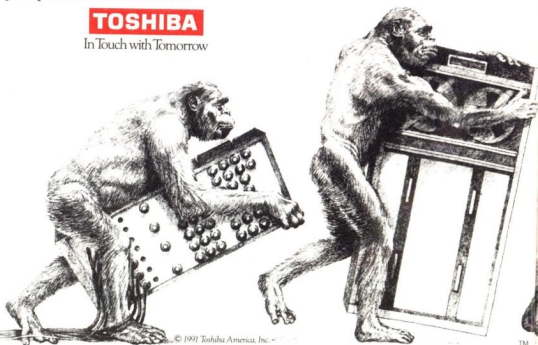
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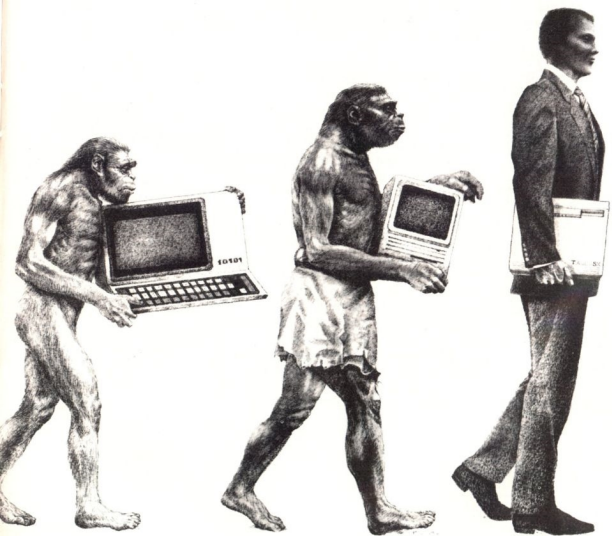
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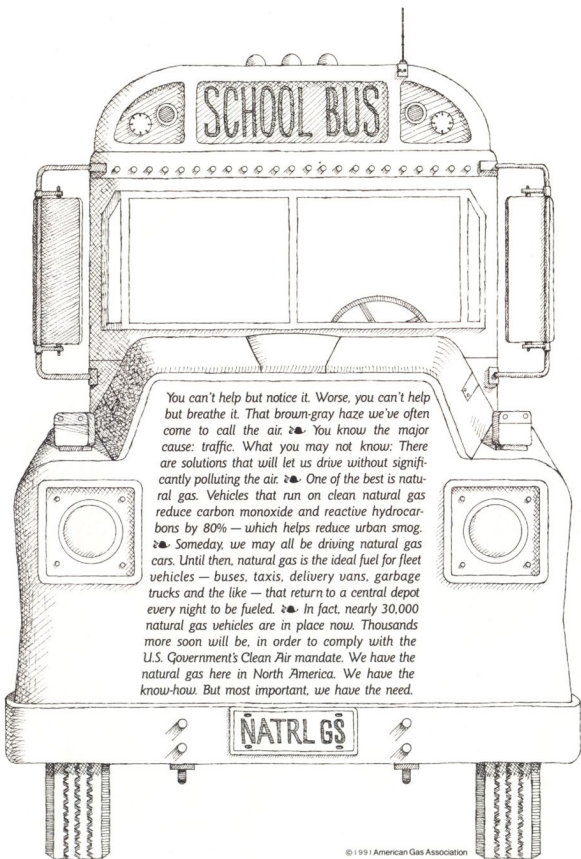
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The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

picket line—for a benign purpose: boning up for an appearance as a guest commentator on local television and radio news programs that night. One of the pickets allegedly boasted that "me and Kaufman really screwed up the convention." He later said the comment was just a joke.

Justice Department officials have warned lawyers for the Massachusetts Democratic Party that requests for depositions by Kaufman's White House co-workers may be met with claims of "Executive privilege." The White House doesn't want to talk about the case because Kaufman represents an awkward side of Bush's personality. The polite, ever congenial President throughout his career has surrounded himself with political hardballers whom he counts on to say and do the nasty things that sometimes get politicians elected. For much of his career, Bush has begrudgingly gone along, even if the better angels of his nature have regrets about it later.

Those regrets were conspicuous by their absence last week. Bush, who as Vice President, made a profession out of going to funerals, passed up the rites for Atwater to go bonefishing in the Florida Keys; he sent Dan Quayle to the South Carolina ceremony and attended a Washington memorial service near the end of the week. It was a curious decision. Atwater, more than any other person, was responsible for Bush's 1988 election triumph and was, Barbara Bush once said, "like a son" to the First Family.

Before he died, Atwater apologized to Dukakis and others for the harsh personal attacks and mudslinging that marked the 1988 campaign—and were a hallmark of his career. "Mostly I am sorry for the way I thought of other people," he said. That deathbed conversion had to be difficult for Bush. The President may harbor misgivings about the mudslinging of the campaign, much of which he opposed initially. "He and Mrs. Bush were always a little ambivalent about Lee," said an official last week. In recent weeks Bush has chatted with unusual intimacy with at least one top aide about the personal price of politics. In public, Bush would say only that he found Atwater's realizations "interesting and enlarging."

For weeks, the former G.O.P. chairman's public recantation has seemed to echo in political circles. The Sawyer/Miller Group, a New York City-based political consulting firm, which recently lured former Reagan political field marshal Ed Rollins, has sworn off political work. Even Atwater's old firm, Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly, has made a similar move.

But however uncomfortable Bush may have been with Atwater's public confessions, he cannot join in the redemption. The late C. Fred Chambers, an old Bush friend from Texas, once explained that the President was often willing to do what was necessary to "get to a position where he can do what he wants." Bush may again have a need for a Lee Atwater, and Kaufman might have to be drafted for the job. ■



John Tyler



Zachary Taylor



Millard Fillmore



Franklin Pierce



Calvin Coolidge



Ronald Reagan

What Links These Six?

Ronald Reagan may still be a triumphant and beloved figure to the American people, but the historians who evaluate presidential performance have consigned him to the cellar. In the first significant measure of his standing, scholars have rated Reagan "below average"—down with five other mediocrities such as Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce.

Nearly 500 of the nation's top history professors responded to the Murray-Blessing update survey on presidential performance. They placed Reagan 28th on a list that includes 37 of the 40 U.S. Presidents. William Henry Harrison, who died after a month in office, and James Garfield, assassinated after six months, were not ranked. George Bush, still at work, is not eligible.

With six categories available, ranging from "great" (Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, F.D.R.) to "failure" (Andrew Johnson, Buchanan, Nixon, Grant, Harding), Reagan was placed in the next-to-last group. Reagan was outranked by Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford ("average") and topped only Nixon of the modern Presidents.

The rating of Presidents has been serious business since Harvard's Arthur Schlesinger Sr. made an informal tally among 50 colleagues in 1948. In 1981 Robert Murray (now retired) and Tim Blessing of Pennsylvania State University took up where Schlesinger left off. This week Blessing will walk bravely into a meeting of the Organization of American Historians in Louisville and deliver a paper on the new poll results. Reagan partisans will start to climb the walls.

The historians gave Reagan low marks on nearly everything, from his mind (92% said he did not have the right intellect for the job) to Administration corruption (exceeded only by Nixon's government). He got little credit for ushering in a new era of prosperity but received most of the blame for the deficits and the 1981-82 recession.

On foreign affairs, the rating was mixed. The scholars found Reagan's Middle East policy "a record of ineptitude" but applauded his handling of relations with the Soviet Union. Oddly, the academics approved of Reagan's style of management and believed he had a rare knack for "getting people to follow him where he wanted to go." Plainly, few of the professors liked where he went.

Such a harsh and inclusive indictment will raise further questions about the partisanship and competence of the historians as well as about Reagan. Their judgments are strikingly out of phase with those of the electorate. "A crushing 91.8% of historians believe that the American people have overestimated Mr. Reagan," writes Blessing. Put another way, the scholars think that the plain folks did not quite understand what was going on. ■

Star Wars Does It Again

In the latest dubious scheme for strategic-missile defense, the Pentagon is secretly building an atomic-powered rocket

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

In the eight years since it was founded, the Strategic Defense Initiative has poured \$24 billion into various schemes for knocking down ballistic missiles, many of them dubious. But no Star Wars project seems more clearly—or appropriately—destined for the technological trash heap than the one that came to light last week. According to documents made public by the Federation of American Scientists for the express purpose of torpedoing the scheme, the Pentagon has for several years been secretly developing a new kind of booster rocket—code-named Timberwind—that would loft giant weapons into space on short notice. Its power source: an onboard nuclear reactor running at extremely high temperatures and spewing radioactive exhaust directly into the atmosphere.

The idea behind Timberwind is simple. Just pump liquid hydrogen through a small nuclear reactor heated to several thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The liquid hydrogen is instantly converted to hydrogen gas, which then blasts out of a nozzle. The resulting thrust is two to three times as great as that generated in conventional rocket engines by the explosive mixture of hydrogen and oxygen. Much larger payloads could thus be lifted into orbit.

That is the theory. In practice, it's more complicated. The reactors must be built of materials that are both lightweight and capable of withstanding extraordinary temperature changes, from several hundred degrees below zero to several thousand degrees above. To reduce the risk of fatal melt-downs, the uranium fuel must be packed in tiny particles coated with several layers of carbon alloy and carefully machined to very close tolerances. And because the fuel gives off "hot"—meaning radioactive—by-products, it is inevitable that the escaping gas will pick up some radioactivity on its way out.

These technological problems may be solvable. Timberwind proponents say cleanup systems could remove radioactive by-products before they are discharged into the air. Better still, the atomic engines would be handy on a manned

mission to Mars. Nonetheless, the program's political problems may be insurmountable. The 1979 accident at Three Mile Island shook America's confidence in nuclear technology, and the *Challenger* explosion dramatically demonstrated the vulnerability of space launches. Not surprisingly, many scientists are bothered by the idea of putting these two technologies together. In 1989, antinuclear activists, protesting potential "Chernobyls in the skies," organized the first civil-disobedience demonstrations aimed at halting a U.S. space shot. Their target: NASA's Galileo spacecraft, an interplanetary scientific mission that used as its power source two radioisotope thermoelectric generators fueled by plutonium. In October 1989, the Galileo launch went off without a hitch, despite the protests.

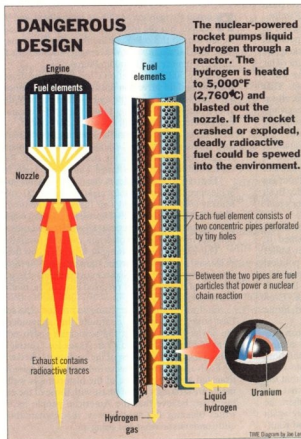
As nuclear devices go, Galileo's generators were relatively innocuous. Thermoelectric generators are battery-like gadgets that use natural radioactive decay in their fuel cells to produce electric power. Timberwind's engines, on the other hand, are

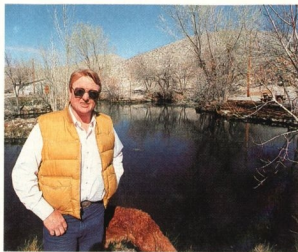
true nuclear reactors that split atoms and generate heat, using the same chain reactions that power atom bombs. Although modern nuclear engineering has virtually eliminated the risk of explosions and melt-downs in such reactors, the problem of disposing of radioactive wastes has not gone away. Nor has the stigma attached to nuclear reactors in general. "If anybody tries launching a reactor-powered rocket," says Theodore Taylor, a veteran designer of nuclear devices, "past demonstrations will pale by comparison."

So why is the U.S. so interested in Timberwind? The reasons date back to the early 1970s, when NASA, with the Pentagon's blessing, decided to put the bulk of its research funds into the reusable space shuttle. Further development of conventional rocket boosters stalled. Now both agencies find themselves bumping into the limited payload capacities of the remaining rockets; NASA for hoisting its space station into orbit and the Pentagon for lifting its big directed-beam Star Wars weapons. The proposed nuclear-powered rockets would more than triple the payload of the U.S.'s most powerful booster, the Titan 4, from 20 tons to more than 70 tons.

Ironically, one of the projects killed in 1972 to make way for the space shuttle was Project Rover, a 17-year, \$1.4 billion effort to develop nuclear-powered rockets. More than a dozen prototype engines were built and tested. The same work in today's dollars would cost \$25 billion. But Rover was always viewed as a second-stage rocket that would be fired only after it was safely out of the earth's atmosphere. Launching a nuclear rocket from the ground was deemed to pose unacceptable health risks.

According to Steven Aftergood, a space expert at the Federation of American Scientists, project Timberwind is still at an early stage in its development. Fuel elements have been built and tested. Testing grounds have been selected in the Nevada desert. The Defense Science Board has given the project its seal of approval. And plans have been made to send a prototype rocket on a suborbital test flight over Antarctica and parts of New Zealand. All this was before the veil of secrecy had been lifted, however. Now that the word is out, and Congressmen have begun to stake out positions on either side of the issue, Timberwind is starting to look like another one of those wacky Star Wars projects that will never get off the ground. —Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington





Nevada farmer Higbee surveys a threatened irrigation pond



On the famous Strip, the Mirage gushes 135 gal. every minute

Till the Well Runs Dry

Hooked on growth and the splash of fountains, Las Vegas plots a water grab from rural Nevada and neighboring states

By JEANNE MC DOWELL LAS VEGAS

In Las Vegas the only sound that rivals the clink of coins is the rush of water. At the Mirage, a flashy hotel complex on the Strip, a cascading 39-ft.-high waterfall gushes 135 gal. per min. Fountains adorn the entranceways to banks, hotels and condominiums. Development communities market "waterfront living" on artificial lakes that sit like giant puddles in the middle of the Mojave. Even the names—Montego Bay, Shoreline Estates, The Lakes—reinforce the illusion that water flows abundantly in this desert oasis.

That image has fueled growth and filled the coffers of the world's most famous gambling mecca. But to people living in the surrounding rural counties, it is a symbol of the wastefulness and city-slicker hubris that have pitted them against Las Vegas in a bitter fight over the most precious resource in the West. Faced with a drought and a water shortage that threaten future growth, Clark County, which includes Las Vegas, has applied for rights to all the unallocated underground water within its boundaries and surrounding Nye, White Pine and Lincoln counties. It is one of the biggest attempted water grabs in Western history. If it succeeds, rural residents fear that Las Vegas' fortunes will grow while theirs dwindle. "If they control the water, no growth could happen without their approval," says Steve Bradhurst, a consultant hired by Nye County to organize the opposition. "They could seal our fate."

Officials at the Las Vegas Valley Water District insist that they had no alternative

in 1989, when they filed 146 applications for water rights with the state engineer. Nevada's share of federally allotted water from the Colorado River cannot sustain growth in the booming oasis, which attracts 5,000 newcomers a month. Thirsty California, they argue, was positioned to jump in and stake a claim to the unused water. "It was our only Nevada source," says Pat Mulroy, general manager of the water district.

Opposing the huge project is an unlikely alliance of ranchers and farmers, rural politicians, environmentalists, Native Americans and federal agencies. More than 3,600 protests have been filed with the state engineer, who begins hearings in a few months. No one knows exactly what the long-term impact of pumping so much water—Las Vegas has requested 200,000 acre-ft. per year (an acre-ft. is 326,000 gal., or enough to cover 1 acre with 1 ft. of water)—will be on the complex hydrologic system of the area. Environmentalists say excessive pumping will dry up springs and wetlands, threatening numerous endangered species, plants and wildlife from southeastern California to Utah. The Federal Government plans to deny Las Vegas permits to drill or transport water across its land until an environmental-impact statement is prepared.

Even with the government's support, it will be a tough fight. Las Vegas is the seat of political and economic power in Nevada. Sixty-five percent of the state's 1.3 million people reside in Clark County. Development, gambling and tourism industries, which generate two-thirds of the state's income, want the extra water. "If we develop the water, and spend the money, shouldn't

we have the control?" asks Clark County commissioner Paul Christensen.

Such sentiments echo an enduring struggle over growth between rural and urban communities throughout the West. Rural towns, which have watched political power shift steadily away from them—Las Vegas controls 36 of the state legislature's 63 seats—feel beleaguered and bypassed by urbanization. Taking water that flows under their land seems the final straw.

In diving up water, Western experts say, noneconomic contributions must be taken into consideration. "How do you place a value on that student-body president from a small high school who becomes a U.S. Senator?" asks University of New Mexico law professor Charles DuMars. "How do you include that into some reasonable process? If it's raw power without process, people will die for that resource."

In Nevada the absence of such a process has sparked deep resentment among farmers and ranchers. "It's a whole way of life, a piece of history," explains Joe Higbee, who runs a 100-acre ranch in Alamo along with his son Vaughn.

One of the biggest complaints of rural residents is that Las Vegas has not done enough to save the water it has. Per-capita water consumption in the metropolitan area has consistently been among the highest of Western cities: 366 gal. daily compared with 200 gal. in Los Angeles. Recent restrictions have reduced Vegas' consumption to 343 gal.

While efforts at conservation have started to pay off, it is still practically a foreign concept in this city of green golf courses and lush lawns. Even if Clark County gets the water from its rural neighbors, it must seriously begin to plan for growth and the water shortages that are likely to worsen throughout the West in coming decades. If it doesn't, Las Vegas may be gambling its future away. ■

The Kennedy Boys' Night Out

An evening of carousing, an accusation of rape and talk of a botched investigation roil the wealthy's favorite playground

By MARGARET CARLSON

For Palm Beach, where the average house costs nearly \$1 million and mutts have been known to snack on biscuits shaped like Bentley sedans, this had been a quiet season. The Trumps have split but are now too poor by local standards to make much of a splash. There had been no divorce to equal that of Peter and Roxanne Pultizer, which featured cocaine, a trumpet and a sexual threesome.

Then the Kennedy clan arrived for what Senator Teddy called a "traditional Easter weekend" at the white stucco oceanfront mansion his father bought from Rodman Wanamaker in 1933. This

is since Operation Desert Storm, reporters from as far away as Norway descended on the enclave, foraging for the most insignificant detail. One tabloid bid six figures for the alleged victim's story, and another handed his business card to a hospital employee with a note on the back promising "\$500 for the name" of the woman who was treated.

The only inside account of the evening came from the other woman who went home with the Kennedys that night: Michele Cassone, a waitress. In one version, she says she, Patrick and the Senator sat and talked on the deck outside for a while. Later in the morning when she was alone with Patrick, the Senator walked into the room. "He was dressed in just an Oxford

the least spoiled and least arrogant of the young Kennedys. Instead of entering a profession where family connections make a difference, he went to Georgetown University Medical School after graduating from Duke. He helped his mother in her arts program for the handicapped, and gave a eulogy so moving at his father's funeral earlier this year that he outshone Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

But after the story surfaced, Smith virtually disappeared, failing to show up for the second half of his medical-board exam on Wednesday. However, he did issue a statement through a family holding company, declaring, "Any suggestion that I was involved in any offense is erroneous." When the Senator was stopped by reporters outside a hearing in Boston on Wednesday, he said he was "obviously distressed" but to comment further would "not be appropriate." Patrick Kennedy claimed he did not learn of the woman's accusation until he read about it in the Florida papers as he was flying home Monday, but that was a day before the first news accounts were published.



The Kennedys' oceanfront compound in Palm Beach; William Smith and his uncle at the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Library

After a season of boring content, police refusal to divulge details left plenty of room for gossips and journalists to snoop.

year the weekend included a Good Friday night outing for the Senator, his son Patrick and nephew William Kennedy Smith at Au Bar, the club of the moment, where a mixture of old money, European quasi-royalty, young model-waitresses and the occasional male in a leather miniskirt boogie to loud music. Ted Kennedy sipped his usual, Chivas Scotch, until closing time at 3:30 a.m., when the three men returned to the Kennedy compound. Two women they had met at the bar joined them.

The next thing anyone knows for sure is that one of those women, a 29-year-old single mother, went to the police Saturday afternoon and said she had been raped in the pre-dawn hours at the estate. She was taken to nearby Humana Hospital and treated for injuries that may have included a broken rib.

The other thing known for sure is that the complaint turned Palm Beach into a media circus. In the greatest assemblage of journal-

ism as far as I could tell," Cassone recalls. "I couldn't see if he had shorts or what underneath, and I got nervous and decided to leave." Cassone says the investigator hired by the Kennedys seemed relieved by her recollection, however unflattering, since it distanced Kennedy from the alleged rape.

Cassone's statement comes as no surprise to those who have watched Edward Kennedy, a powerful and conscientious Senator, become ever more reckless about drinking and chasing women half his age. A long magazine profile last year documented several such occasions in uncontradicted detail. Rather than set an example for the third generation, the head of the family often looks to its members for companionship in his escapades.

On Friday the cops finally broke their silence, naming William Smith as a suspect. The son of Jean Kennedy and the late Stephen Smith, William is described as one of



For days, although they pledged cooperation, no Kennedy stepped forward to provide the authorities with any information.

So far, police handling of the case brings to mind the botched investigation of the death of Mary Jo Kopechne at Chappaquiddick, when the Senator did not notify the police until 10 hours later that he had driven off the bridge. The first reports about the case were inaccurate, yet the police did not provide an accurate one. By the end of the week, police still had not questioned any of the Kennedys. Nor did they interrogate bartenders, parking-lot attendants or other potential witnesses until a week after the alleged crime. They delayed naming a suspect until Friday because, they said, they could not get a picture of Smith to show the victim for a definite identification—even though his visage had been splashed across newspaper front pages for days. —Reported by Cathy Booth/
Palm Beach

You have an assignment.

Put together a
weekly sales report on
everything from power
mowers to miter boxes.

Cover current quotas
vs. planned goals.

Then list all POS data
from retailers in North &
Southeastern regions.

And by the way, it has to
be done by noon.



Things To Do

Get coffee and think this over.

Collect the information from everyone.

Make this report look terrific.

Microsoft Excel

Consolidate regional worksheets.

Total the sales report and then highlight regional sales.

Summarize results to produce a topline report.

Create my graphs and tables.

Microsoft Word for Windows

Get POS reports from Debbie.

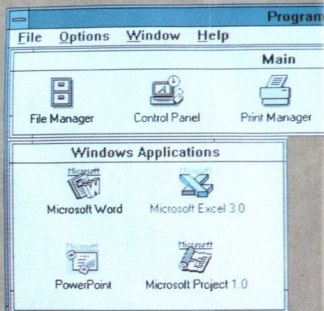
Open up weekly sales report template and start writing.

Use the outlining feature to move forecasts to end of report.

Get table from Microsoft Excel.

Ask Bob to copy and distribute.

Meet Donna for racquetball.



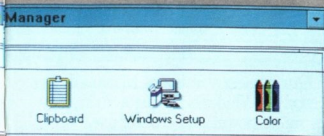
The Windows® environment and Microsoft® Windows applications are great liberators. They let you do your everyday work faster and more easily.

The Windows environment lets you work with several different applications at one time. So you don't have the tedious task of switching applications when you change gears.



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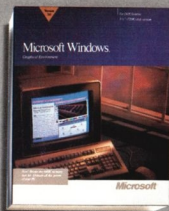
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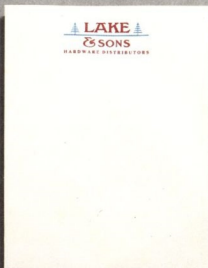
The menu bar makes commands easy to find. And they're in a logical order. This same kind of structure is common to all our Windows applications, so when you've learned one, you're well on the way to learning the rest.



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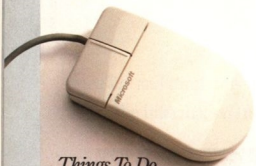


9:00



9:00

depends on how you start.



Things To Do

Microsoft Excel

Consolidate regional worksheets.

Total the sales report and then highlight regional sales.

Summarize results to produce a topline report.

Create my graphs and tables.

Microsoft Word for Windows

Get POS reports from Debbie.

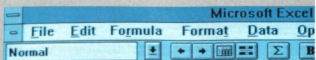
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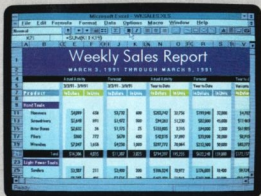
Ask Bob to copy and distribute.

Meet Donna for racquetball.

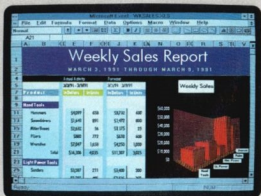


Our newest version of Microsoft Excel for Windows has its own unique brand of power and ease of use.

A good example of this is our new Toolbar. It allows you to do things like add a row or column of numbers

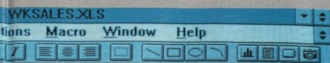


1. One step formulas let you quickly add a range of cells with just a simple double click. We call this Autosum. Then highlight the results by making them bold with one step formatting.



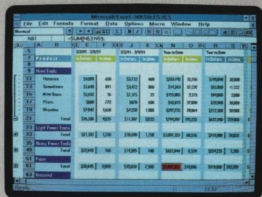
3. Select a range of cells and instantly transform them into a graph right on your worksheet. In just one step.

According to our calculations



by simply clicking on a button. We call this one step computing. As in one step formulas, charting, macros, formatting, even one step outlining.

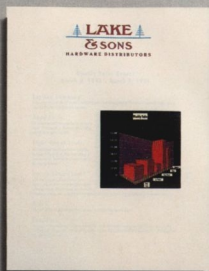
And the menu bar is like the one you use in the Windows environment.



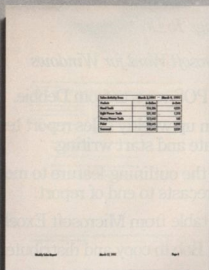
2. Our exclusive outlining feature lets you collapse and expand your worksheet. Display and print only the data you need to view or share. And it can automatically build an outline for you.



4. It's easier to move to Microsoft Excel than you may think. Lotus® 1-2-3® online help makes the transition easy.



10:00



10:00

, you'll be finished in no time.



Things To Do

Microsoft Word for Windows

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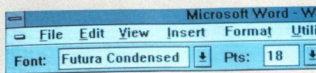
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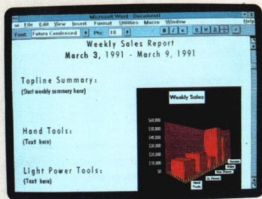
Ask Bob to copy and distribute.

Meet Donna for racquetball.

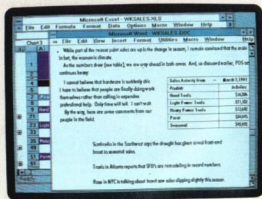


With Word for Windows, what you see is what you get. It's easy to mix words, pictures and numbers. And you can see what you're doing right on-screen.

The ribbon in Word for Windows is like the Toolbar in Microsoft Excel.

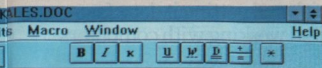


1. Word for Windows starts working even before you do. Document Templates automatically set up headings, margins, even pull an updated chart from Microsoft Excel so you can focus on what you're writing.



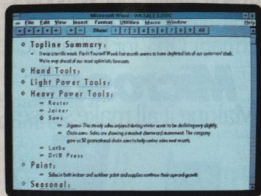
3. With a simple copy and paste, you can move Microsoft Excel graphs and tables into your Word document.

Because after all is said and c

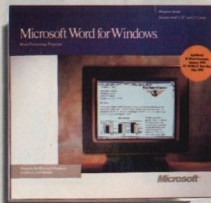


It visually represents commands and, as a result, reduces everyday formatting to just one step.

And, as promised, the menu bar is similar to the ones in the Windows environment and Microsoft Excel.



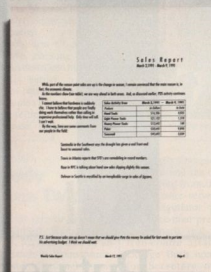
2. Because Word for Windows is graphical, it's easy to reorganize the flow of your documents. Just use the outlining feature. Simply collapse entire sections and drag them where you want.



4. Word for Windows reads and writes files from WordPerfect® and other popular programs, so not a word is wasted.



11:00



11:00

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American Notes

GAMBLING

Floating Crap Games

In Mark Twain's day, riverboat gambling brought romance and roguery to the Mississippi River. Now Iowans are betting that it will bring tax revenues and jobs. Last week legalized floating casinos returned to the river for the first time in nearly a century. Three ships, the *Diamond Lady*, the *President* and the *Casino Belle*, left from separate Iowa port cities. They were loaded with slot machines, blackjack tables and roulette wheels as well as bettors who pay from \$7.95 for a breakfast



Carrying high rollers, the *Diamond Lady* embarks up the Mississippi

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

cruise to \$40 for a weekend jaunt.

Iowa lawmakers approved riverboat gambling three years ago in the hope of creating jobs in shoreside communities hurt by the declining fortunes of local farm-equipment manufacturers. The state will get 20% of gross receipts and expects to take in \$11 million annually. To head off criticism that the government is tempting people to bet the rent check, state lawmakers put limits of \$5 on bets and \$200 on any gambler's losses in a single day. Iowa will lose its monopoly on floating crap games this summer, when gambling boats start leaving from the Illinois side of the river.

ECOLOGY

Spawning a Controversy

People in the Pacific Northwest may love the Snake River sockeye salmon, but they are also fond of the cheap hydroelectric power that makes utility rates in their region among the lowest in the nation. Soon they may have to decide which they love more. Eight power-generating dams built along the Columbia River since the late 1930s have fatally disrupted the path by which thousands of the salmon once swam 900 miles eastward from the Pacific Ocean to spawning grounds in the Snake River basin. Last year fishery-service counters there spotted just one lonesome sockeye.

In an attempt to save the fish, the National Marine Fisheries Service proposed to have it added to the endangered and threatened species list. If the effort succeeds—the process might take a year—the Federal Government could order a costly diversion of water into the river to create currents strong enough to push the young fish along their way to sea. That could also lead to a one-third jump in regional utility rates and trigger another battle like the one over the spotted owl, pitting environmentalists against those concerned about the economy. "Salmon are at the center of the Northwest culture," insists Robert Irvin, an attorney for the National Wildlife Federation. True enough. But so is cheap electricity.

JUDGMENTS

A Big Check From the IRS

With April 15 at hand, it somehow seems fitting that the IRS has a big payment to make. In what may be one of the largest awards ever levied against the agency, a federal judge in Houston ruled last week that the Federal Government must pay \$10.9 million to Elvis Johnson, a retired Galveston insurance executive.

Johnson, now 69, sued the IRS in 1983, claiming that the agency had destroyed his career. Two years earlier, a federal prosecutor had promised not to disclose a plea bargain in which Johnson settled a \$6,000 tax-evasion case. Instead the IRS

trumpeted details of the case in a press release. After that Johnson was pushed out of his job as executive vice president of the American National Insurance Co., based in Galveston, Texas. The sweetest part of the award is that some of Johnson's cash from the IRS will be tax free.



Johnson after his victory

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

WASHINGTON

Tragedy Strikes Twice

Capitol Hill grieved last week when Senator Henry John Heinz III, 52, was killed in an airplane crash in Pennsylvania. A day later, Washington was once more stunned, when former four-term Texas Senator John Tower, 65, and his daughter Marian, 35, were among those who died in a commuter-plane crash near Brunswick, Ga.

One of the Senate's wealthiest members, Heinz had been

an unlikely champion of unions, the aged and the disabled. After retiring from the Senate in 1984, Tower served as a U.S. arms negotiator and chaired the three-man presidential review board that probed the Iran-*contra* affair. In 1988, George Bush nominated him for Secretary of Defense, touching off a bruising fight between Congress and the White House. Amid rumors of hard drinking and womanizing, Tower was voted down by the Senate, 53 to 47, the first time in 30 years that a President had been denied a Cabinet choice.



Sockeye salmon similar to these once flourished in the Snake River

How's Your Pay?

Mostly munificent—and nearly risk-free—for U.S. chief executives. While a few companies reward the boss sensibly, many enrich him regardless of results. For workers, the opposite trend is taking hold: compensation tied to performance. If it makes sense for the troops, why not at the top?

CEOs: No Pain, Just Gain

By JANICE CASTRO

No wonder they say it's lonely at the top. Down here in the real world, as the country struggles to climb out of recession, profits are flat at most companies. Unemployment jumped to 6.8% last month (it was only 5.2% last June), and thousands more workers face layoffs. Most people lucky enough to get raises last year had to be content with 5% or less.

But few are pinching pennies up in the executive suite. As corporations begin to release their proxy statements and annual reports for 1990, many stockholders are getting steamed up reading about the fat raises and other payments their chief executives raked in. Already making 160 times what average blue-collar employees receive, chiefs of America's largest companies garnered pay hikes last year of 12% to 15% as the economy nose-dived. Some CEO pay packages are so large, says Stephen O'Byrne, a compensation expert at the consulting firm Towers Perrin, that they "represent investment decisions on the order of building a plant."

At a time when millions of American workers are being asked to share the risks in pay-for-performance schemes—earning more when sales and profits rise and less when they do not—economists and shareholders are beginning to ask why the boss should be immune to reality. Says Dale Hanson, chief executive of the California Public Employees Retirement System, one of the largest U.S. pension-fund managers: "Our CEOs are being treated like phar-

aohs. Shareholders are beginning to question who's minding the store."

Experts who study executive compensation say it's about time somebody asked those questions. CEO pay has been growing faster than sales and profits for years. The chiefs of the 200 largest U.S. companies received an average of \$2.8 million in 1989, before those 1990 raises were handed out. Their counterparts in Canada, Europe and Japan made less than half as much, sometimes while beating the pants off them in the marketplace. Studies indicate that most American CEOs seem able to demand raises at will, regardless of how good or bad a job they do. In many cases they get raises just because a counterpart at another firm did. Says Donald Hambrick, professor of management and organization at Columbia University's Graduate School of Business: "They end up trying to outdo one another. So what you get is a circle of CEOs who propel one another's pay upward."

Blowing it by the board of directors is usually pretty easy. Often enough, bosses who get big raises return the favor by handing out higher fees and benefits to the board. Says Graef Crystal, a professor at the Haas School of Business at the University of California, Berkeley: "Wherever you find highly paid CEOs, you'll find highly paid directors. It's no accident." At Coca-Cola, CEO Roberto Goizueta earned \$10.6 million in salary and stock in 1989, more than three times the average for CEOs of

the 200 largest U.S. firms (his 1990 compensation: \$11.2 million). His board members earned \$75,000 in cash and benefits, a solid 70% above the \$44,000 average. At ITT, chairman Rand Araskog earned \$6.4 million in 1989, more than twice the average (his 1990 pay was \$11.1 million), while his directors were paid \$75,400.

Hanson's \$60 billion pension fund is one of many large institutional shareholders that are vigorously challenging the way CEOs are compensated. Last November Hanson's group filed shareholder petitions demanding that ITT and W.R. Grace change their bylaws to increase the independence of the committees charged with setting compensation for the companies' chiefs.

Directors may lack the gumption to cut salaries and cash bonuses, but the luxuriant stock grants they hand out to top executives should provide strong incentives to improve a company's health. Sometimes it works. Walt Disney CEO Michael Eisner, for example, has become one of the world's highest paid executives partly through massive stock options. As Disney's share price has risen, from a split-adjusted value of \$14 in 1984, when Eisner took over, to \$120.75 recently, Eisner's wealth has exploded. But with stock appreciation like

that, you won't hear many shareholders complaining.

The belief that stock incentives will inspire CEOs to drive companies to greater heights is widely held. Stock awards to CEOs fall into three broad categories. Stock options give the executive the right to buy shares at some future date for a fixed price, generally the share price on the day



Anthony O'Reilly
CEO since 1979
H.J. Heinz

\$38.5 mil. -0.4%

1990 pay 1990 stock price



Michael Eisner
CEO since 1984
Walt Disney

\$11.2 mil. -9.4%

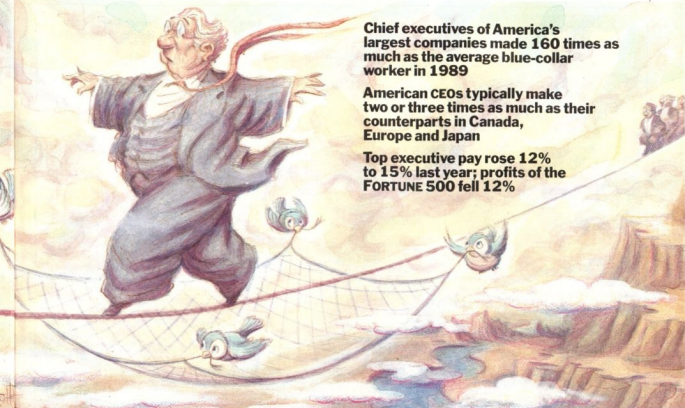
1990 pay 1990 stock price



John Sculley
CEO since 1983
Apple

\$3.2 mil. +22%

1990 pay 1990 stock price



Chief executives of America's largest companies made 160 times as much as the average blue-collar worker in 1989

American CEOs typically make two or three times as much as their counterparts in Canada, Europe and Japan

Top executive pay rose 12% to 15% last year; profits of the FORTUNE 500 fell 12%

BRIAN AJAR FOR TIME

the stock is granted. Restricted stock is free and can be collected after the CEO stays in office for a certain period of time, typically five years, regardless of his results. Performance shares are similar to restricted stock, but the awards are linked to how well the company does rather than how long the CEO survives in power.

Unfortunately, recent evidence shows that these incentives generally don't work. Laudable in theory, their effect in practice is just the opposite of what's intended. Berkeley's Crystal, a top compensation consultant, has done a complex computer analysis of these stock grants. In 1989 the average annual return on investment at 38 large companies offering all three types of stock awards (including Bristol-Myers, Sara Lee, Unisys and Allied Signal) was 11.3%. But at 215 companies that offered only two kinds of treats (including Morgan Stanley and Paramount), the return was 12.7%, and firms offering only one (Disney and United Airlines) yielded 14.2%. Companies that offered none of these so-called incentives (Reebok and Leslie Fay) enjoyed the highest returns of all: 15.6%.

What went wrong? Many of these plans have no downside. Most people would agree that American Airlines chairman Robert Crandall has done a terrific job of building his carrier. He was awarded 355,000 shares of restricted stock in 1988, with a market value at the time of \$33.50

per share (total value: \$11.9 million). He will get the stock for free if he is still in office in 1996. But the board thinks so highly of him that it removed any hint of incentive from the award: if the stock price goes down, American will write Crandall a check to make up the difference.

The worst part about making a ton of money, of course, is that you have to pay taxes on it. But some boards try to cushion the blow of massive compensation by handing out extra checks to cover the taxes. In 1989 the Coca-Cola board awarded a large block of stock to chairman Goizueta, plus a check for the amount owed in taxes. At Georgia Pacific, the board went one step further. After all, T. Marshall Hahn Jr. would also have to pay taxes on his consolation check, so the board cut him another check to cover the tax on the tax.

As institutional investors and other large stakeholders begin to kick up a fuss about compensation extremes, more companies may look for a better way. At Disney, Eisner's base salary is \$750,000, well below average. It has not increased since 1984, and will not rise during the employment contract that takes him to 1998—an extraordinary arrangement. His bonus, if any, is a proportion of profits above a certain level. The deal earned him \$11.2 million in 1990. Or consider the new plan in place at Becton

Dickinson, the New Jersey pharmaceutical firm. CEO Raymond Gilmartin last May received a stock grant of 30,000 shares at \$63.13 apiece. But Gilmartin will make money only if Becton Dickinson's stock outperforms the Standard & Poor's 500 index. That's an unusually stringent condition, but it reflects the uncontroversial belief that outperforming the market is the ultimate test of managerial skill.

Could a modestly paid CEO possibly be any good? Conventional boardroom thinkers would scoff. Yet chief executives who make well below the average often turn in stellar results. In Charlotte, N.C., Nucor CEO F. Kenneth Iverson takes perverse pride in being one of the lowest paid chiefs of a FORTUNE 500 company. Iverson made about \$525,000 in cash, bonus and stocks last year as head of America's seventh largest steel company. He gets no perks: no annuities, no company jet, no car, not even a personal parking spot. He eats his lunch most days at Phil's, a deli in the local mall. Nucor has been profitable for 25 years and has not laid off an employee since 1971. Maybe Iverson is underpaid. Certainly a growing number of shareholders in other firms would say that a lot of higher-paid CEOs, many of them laying off workers and watching the stock sag, are just blowing one past the board.

—Reported by Thomas McCarroll/
New York

Business



- ▶ Workers under pay-for-performance plans typically earn from 10% less to 20% more than their jobs' average pay
- ▶ 35% of the FORTUNE 500 are testing variable-pay plans
- ▶ Such plans cover about 4 million U.S. employees

BRIAN AIJAH FOR TIME

Workers: Risks And Rewards

By JOHN GREENWALD

Would you risk earning less in exchange for the chance to earn more? U.S. companies are putting that question to a growing number of workers these days in hopes of engineering a revolution in the way everyone, from janitor to junior executive, gets paid. The question lies at the heart of far-reaching new programs called pay-for-performance plans, which typically start with reduced base wages and salaries but reward employees with handsome bonuses for hitting production targets or meeting other goals. "This is the hottest area in compensation today," says Steven Gross, a vice president of Hay Management Consultants. "Just about every major company is examining its pay strategy."

While employee-bonus plans have been around since the 1930s, the new programs surged in popularity during the past decade. Faced with a massive loss of business to aggressive global competitors such as Japan and Germany, U.S. companies rushed to control labor costs and raise productivity. The new plans help on both fronts, because firms that adopt them typically pay employees bonuses only when they meet production targets or when corporate earnings rise. Moreover, companies often combine the programs with other approaches—such as encouraging shop-floor teams to

plan and carry out projects—that help give employees a sense of pride and participation in their work.

"Companies are saying, 'I'm tired of paying simply for time,'" notes John Hamm, vice president for compensation and benefits at Aetna Life and Casualty. "Now they are saying, 'I want to pay for production.'" So many are saying it that 35% of the FORTUNE 500 are experimenting with some form of pay-for-performance program, according to the consulting firm Sibson & Co.—up from 7% 10 years ago.

The roughly 4 million U.S. workers covered by such plans are living by the ancient rule of markets everywhere: risk and reward go together. Unlike corporate chieftains, who often prosper no matter how their companies fare, workers in these programs may suffer painful cuts in income when times are lean. Uncertain pay can create problems when it comes to such mundane matters as applying for mort-

gages, which usually demand predictable annual income—to say nothing of the impact of variable wages on one's ability to pay back loans. But the payoff can also be great, allowing productive employees to make far more than their counterparts at other firms. In general, depending on job performance and the plan's details, covered workers may earn as little as 90% of the average salary for comparable jobs—or as much as 120%.

The 160 workers at a new Corning ceramics plant in Blacksburg, Va., earn bonuses for, among other things, pulling blemished materials from assembly lines before they can go into kilns. While starting workers at the plant make \$8.60 an hour, or about 40¢ less than those at Corning facilities with traditional pay plans, the Blacksburg workers made at least an additional 72¢ an hour in bonuses last year. Three-quarters of that gain reflected the fact that workers met their production tar-

gets, and the rest was pegged to improvement in the company's financial results.

With so much riding on their performance, employees at Blacksburg tend to be strict with themselves and one another. Notes Gail Simpkins, an assembly-line worker who earned \$2,000 in bonuses last year: "People often say, 'Watch what you're doing! If you're throwing away something you don't have to, you're costing me money as much as you're costing yourself money.'"

Yet no matter how hard employees work, variable-pay programs expose them to the vagaries of the marketplace and chance. Workers at a Monsanto plant in Idaho that



Workers at Monsanto's chemical plant in Luling, La., can earn bonuses for meeting goals that include reducing injuries and preventing emissions from escaping into the air outside the plant

\$1,060

Bonuses
in 1989

\$760

Bonuses
in 1990

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mines and refines phosphorus earned more than \$1,800 each in bonuses in 1989 but only \$255 last year when the facility had to shut two of its three furnaces for extended maintenance and the economy stumbled into recession. Monsanto's chemical plant in Luling, La., pegs bonuses to how well its 380 workers meet goals ranging from reducing on-the-job injuries to preventing air pollution. The employees earned \$1,060 each in bonuses in 1989 but just \$760 last year.

Companies must guard against setting goals so high that they cannot be met. Valvoline, a Kentucky-based maker of oil additives, created a pay-for-performance plan for 1,000 employees last year but then had to tell workers it could not afford to pay a bonus when the company missed its goal of \$38 million in operating income. "People didn't like it, but they understood it," said Randy Powell, Valvoline's human-resources manager. Partly to avoid repeating the embarrassment, Valvoline lowered its earnings target to \$30 million this year. If nothing else, the episode caught the workers' attention. Powell said that before the new program, "if you asked employees, 'What's our 1989 profits and what's our 1990 goal?' they couldn't tell you. Today 900 people could tell you what our goals are."

Worker discontent has led some firms to jettison their programs. In a stunning reversal, Du Pont dropped a pay plan in February that experts had hailed as a landmark when the chemicals giant launched it just two years ago. Under the program, which covered 20,000 workers in Du Pont's fibers group, employees would receive 6% lower basic pay than their counterparts elsewhere in the company after a phase-in period. But workers could recoup the difference in bonuses if the fibers group met its profit goals, and they stood to receive an additional 6% for surpassing those goals. Nonetheless, nervous employees balked at putting so much of their wages at risk—especially when they saw the group's profits suffering in the recession. When Du Pont tried to modify the plan to give employees a choice of how much income to risk, federal regulations made the move impractical.

Variable-pay plans often fare better in service industries where workers are accustomed to commissions or other forms of nonfixed compensation. Seattle-based Nordstrom, an upscale department-store chain, pays its sales force straight commis-

sions in lieu of even minimal salary guarantees. "We have people making over \$100,000 a year selling suits, and a lot getting between \$30,000 and \$60,000 selling shirts and shoes," says Joe Demarte, vice president for personnel. (Recent employee lawsuits against the company involve unionized clerks, not commission-earning salespeople.) The strategy has boosted Nordstrom's sales volume and helped the company embark on an ambitious expansion plan at a time when rival retailers are shuttering stores.

Young workers with little to lose may

jobs in the U.S. Despite a decade of restructuring, many companies remain desperate to slash payrolls further and get more bang for their labor bucks. "People are beginning to understand that the world is moving ahead at a fast clip and that global competition is so fierce that the future of American manufacturing industries is at stake," says Lawrence Bankowski, the Ohio-based president of the American Flint Glass Workers Union, which has lost nearly half its 36,000 members during the past 15 years. Concur Mike Rohrer, a human-resources manager at a Fisher Controls plant in Iowa that is testing a variable-pay plan: "If we didn't manufacture here, we would have manufactured in Singapore."

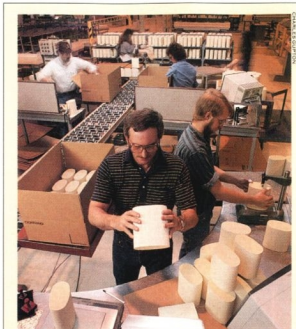
A wave of layoffs last week provided fresh evidence of just how vulnerable jobs can be. CBS said its profits fell 73% in the first quarter, to \$23.3 million, and announced plans to dismiss 400 workers. In Boston GTE said slack defense spending meant layoffs for 500 of its workers at a unit that makes military communications equipment. Grumman said the slowdown will force it to cut 1,900 jobs. In Baltimore, insurer USF&G said it will reduce its work force by 1,900 positions.

Yet some experts doubt that most U.S. workers will ever fully accept pay-for-performance plans in their present form. "There has to be an acceptance of a downside risk, and that seems to be the stumbling block," says Charles Peck, a senior research associate at the New York City-based Conference Board. "This is true of everybody—executives too. People want money or more money. They don't want less."

A pay-for-performance plan brings workers and companies a step closer to being partners—and the only way partnerships work is through trust. Contends Marc Wallace, a management professor at the University of Kentucky: "Where employees believe their managements, they are willing to put a tremendous amount at risk to make the business go." Gaining the trust of workers isn't quick or easy; it generally requires a concrete demonstration of confidence in them by giving them more authority and freedom. Many companies might hesitate to take that chance. But if they want the benefits of a successful pay-for-performance plan, it's the only way. For employers, as for workers, risk and reward go together.

—Reported by Tom Curry/

Chicago and Kathryn Jackson Fallon/New York



At Corning's ceramics plant in Blacksburg, Va., workers make less in base pay than their counterparts elsewhere but can earn bonuses that enable them to earn more

\$8.60

Starting hourly wage in 1990

\$9.23

Hourly wage including bonus

gladly embrace incentive plans. Long John Silver's, a Kentucky-based chain of seafood shops, launched a pay-for-performance program last October at its 1,000 company-owned stores. The plan, which encouraged employees to increase store business by suggesting that customers order such items as a king-size drink or a slice of pie, worked so well that some employees boosted their wages more than 75¢ an hour during the first quarter, from about \$4.25. Says Wendy Lane, 23, a restaurant worker in St. Clairsville, Ohio, who added \$70 to her paycheck in March: "All I had to do was a little bit more to make our guests happy. What it all comes down to is that the bonus was a real motivator."

Some industries see pay for performance as one of their best bets for keeping

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Business Notes

ENTERTAINMENT

Dances with Debt

What movie studio wouldn't be dancing in the streets with films like *The Silence of the Lambs* and *Dances with Wolves* to its credit? Answer: Orion Pictures, the studio that released both hits. The Jodie Foster thriller and the Kevin Costner western come at the end of a losing streak that has lasted more than two years and helped run up \$500 million of debt with such busts as *The Hot Spot*, *State of Grace* and *Valmont*. So even though *Lambs* and *Wolves* to-

gether have grossed a stellar \$230 million, Orion is struggling to keep the wolves from the door.

To attract new investors, the studio last week disclosed plans for a "major capital or financial restructuring" and an executive shake-up that pushed chairman and octogenarian co-founder Arthur Krim into an essentially powerless position. Such actions may not be enough. Orion's upcoming releases look weak—and the studio is so hungry for cash that last month it sold its most promising new picture, a movie version of TV's cult hit *The Addams Family*, to Paramount at a loss.



Still ahead of the wolves, Orion struggles despite hits like Costner's

CREDIT

When the Price Isn't Right

Thanks to the invention of the credit card, no American is too poor to acquire a small fortune in debt. U.S. consumers were carrying \$279 billion in obligations on their credit cards as of February. To exploit that vast market, credit-card companies are offering ever more imaginative inducements to pull out the plastic.

Latest example: Citibank, which last week announced "Citibank Price Protection" for its 30 million MasterCard and Visa holders. The program guarantees that if you buy something with a Citibank card and see the item advertised at a lower price within 60 days, Citi-

bank will refund the difference.

Not surprisingly, the deal comes with a number of restrictions. The lower price must be documented with a bona fide print advertisement, and Citibank's generosity has limits: no more than \$250 for any individual claim or \$1,000 in total claims in any year.

Will the come-on be expensive for Citibank? Maybe, but don't worry. According to the *Nilson Report*, a California-based industry newsletter, the company made \$600 million in pure profit from its credit-card business last year, far more than from all its other operations combined. For competing issuers as well, credit cards are still so temptingly profitable that more customer-pleasing promotions are almost certainly on the way.

ANNUAL REPORTS

The Best of Buffett

Psssst! Wanna look at the hottest read in town? Then snap up a copy of ... the Berkshire Hathaway Inc. annual report. While the title suggests a pastiche of dry statistics and commercial puffery, connoisseurs of corporate entertainment eagerly await each year's version—particularly the plain-spoken chairman's letter, written by superinvestor Warren Buffett. In the Omaha-based holding company's 1990 edition, released last month, the author quotes such thinkers as Woody Allen, Bertrand Russell and Buffett's four-year-old granddaughter Emily, while characteristically mocking his own financial acumen.

"Your Chairman displayed exquisite timing," he writes about his purchase of a large stake in USAir. "I plunged into the business at almost the exact



The sage of Omaha

moment that it ran into severe problems." Buffett also notes his purchase since late 1989 of \$440 million of RJR Nabisco junk bonds. A crazy investment? He acknowledges that he's leery of new issues of junk bonds ("The only time to buy these is on a day with no y in it"), but the RJR bonds have been traded for a while—and Buffett says their market value has increased \$150 million since he bought them.

SAVINGS AND LOANS

The Follies Go On

"I thought the judge was very fair," remarked former Dallas thrift owner Don R. Dixon last week. Fair and then some. Dixon was convicted last December on federal charges that he used funds from his Vernon Savings & Loan \$2 million to pay for a California beach house and \$10,000 for prostitutes for board members. Though Vernon's for-

mer chairman, Woody Lemons, had been sentenced to 30 years, U.S. district court Judge A. Joe Fish gave Dixon only five years, pointing out that the jury had not found him responsible for Vernon's \$1.3 billion failure. Dixon could be paroled after serving only 20 months in a minimum-security prison within commuting distance of his home.

As the curtain fell on one act of the S&L follies, it went up on another. The Resolution Trust Corporation, the government's thrift-policing agency, filed a claim in federal court against the giant Cleveland-based law firm Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue. The RTC seeks more than \$50 million in damages, citing Jones Day's alleged "endorsement of and/or acquiescence in" the actions of Charles Keating and his associates at California's Lincoln Savings & Loan, the nation's most spectacularly failed thrift. Jones Day denies all charges.



Vernon's Dixon: 23 counts, 20 months

Hello, Sweetheart! Get Me Remake!

Fresh from its triumphant war coverage and sporting a refurbished design, the Los Angeles Times positions itself to challenge the reigning journals of the East

By SUSAN TIFFT

California may be the land of health and fitness, but even the well-toned gods and goddesses of the Golden State are respectful when they heft the Sunday edition of the Los Angeles Times. Swathed in plastic or tied with string, the paper contains an average of 444 ad- and information-packed pages, and most weeks weighs in at more than 4 lbs. On April 7 readers unfurled their papers to find a handsome addition: a redesigned, up-scale Sunday magazine bursting with national ads and feature-length stories calculated to showcase the best of the Times's 900 editors, reporters and photographers.

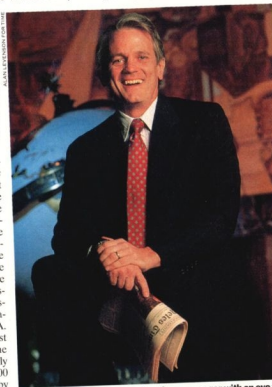
The face-lift of the Sunday Los Angeles Times Magazine is just the latest indication that the once somnolent flagship of the Times Mirror Co. is positioning itself to challenge the nation's most highly regarded newspapers—the New York Times, the Washington Post and the Wall Street Journal—for visibility, influence and prestige. With a daily circulation of 1.2 million, the L.A. Times is already the largest metropolitan paper in the U.S., outstripping the daily New York Times by 88,000 and the Washington Post by 416,000. Its profits for 1991 are projected to top \$110 million, double that of the New York Times. With its frequent scoops, informative graphics and emphasis on analysis of world and national events, the Times is a paper that is improving in dramatic ways.

That was abundantly clear during the Persian Gulf war, when the Times won widespread praise for running hard-hitting stories that clashed with upbeat military assessments. The paper was the first to reveal that most of the munitions used in the war were not smart bombs but unguided ones that all too often missed their target. It also

disclosed possible defects in the Bradley fighting vehicle and chronicled a Navy admiral's stepped-up efforts to weed out lesbians. Moreover, at the peak of the crisis, the Times had the financial muscle to put 17 correspondents in the gulf—five more than the New York Times and seven more than the Washington Post. “They had superlative coverage,” says Everette Dennis, executive

top-ranking Soviet officials each day.

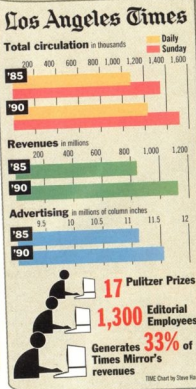
In the U.S., however, the Times's visibility is still largely confined to the West Coast. The paper is hard to come by outside California, and there is no talk of a national edition. Hence, although the paper maintains a highly respected 57-person bureau in the nation's capital, it is not yet considered by Washington insiders to be in the



Editor Coffey: an aggressive, hands-on manager with an eye for innovation and an ear for “literary journalism”

director of the Gannett Foundation Media Center at Columbia University. “It was imaginative, with a great deal of depth.”

With 27 foreign and 13 domestic bureaus, the L.A. Times is well situated to compete aggressively for international and national news. Every Tuesday the paper produces a supplement called World Report that attempts to make sense of foreign affairs with sprightly analytical pieces and bright graphics. To ensure that the Times's voice is heard in Moscow, the paper hand delivers a digest of news and editorials to



same must-read category as its three major national competitors. “It’s a presence,” says Bill Monroe, editor of the *Washington Journalism Review*. “But it’s in the wings because it’s not available at the doorstep.”

That low profile frustrates Times Washington reporters, who put in a longer day than their peers, owing to the additional three hours of reporting time they gain because of their Pacific-time deadlines. The extra effort frequently translates into journalistic upsets. “We have more drive and ideas than the other papers,” declare:



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Photographed in Kent, Connecticut



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Washington bureau chief Jack Nelson, who helps promote the paper by appearing regularly on the PBS talk show *Washington Week in Review*. Indeed, it was Nelson who filed an enterprising story on Dec. 28 asserting—an interesting story, as it turned out—that President Bush would start bombing Iraq soon after the Jan. 15, 1991, deadline for pulling out of Kuwait.

If the *Times*'s new honchos have their way, the paper's lack of recognition up and down the Northeast corridor will not last much longer. The twin engines behind the paper's new thrust are Times Mirror president David Laventhol, 57, who added the title of *Times* publisher in 1989, and Shelby Coffey III, 45, who arrived as deputy associate editor in 1986, via the Washington Post and the Dallas *Times-Herald*, and was named editor and executive vice president in 1988. Together the West Coast transplants have set themselves a daunting task: transforming a respectable, gray newspaper into a journal that appeals to readers in ethnically diverse Los Angeles and its sprawling environs while also capturing an elite national audience of opinion makers. "The philosophy of what we have been doing," says Coffey, "has been to look at each element of the paper and say, 'How could we make it better? Are there new approaches to be taken?'"

That innovative spirit is readily apparent. To make the paper more appealing to younger readers with television-era attention spans, Coffey began slashing the long, unfocused stories that were once the *Times*'s trademark. To encourage reporters to concentrate on the craft of writing, he breathed new life into "Column One," a Page One spot that each day showcases an example of what Coffey calls "literary journalism."

Last fall, in concert with publisher Laventhol, Coffey freshened the paper's look. The overhauled design was promoted in ads as a "new, faster-format Los Angeles *Times*." Today most pieces carry quick-scan subheads that summarize the story's main points, and the paper's second page features an illustrated index with bite-size nuggets that inform readers what each story is about and guide them to the appropriate page.

Coffey also brought the skills of a hands-on manager to a newsroom that badly needed it. At times there had been so little coordination among the paper's many news and feature departments that three different reporters from three different sections sometimes showed up to cover the same event. Coffey tightened editorial controls and got personally involved in directing local and national coverage. To provide incentives for better performance,

he started a program of monetary rewards for innovative work.

Detractors complain that the thick Calendar section, which chronicles L.A.'s giant entertainment industry, too often contains adoring, uncritical reporting of Tinseltown's stars and moguls. Some staffers charge that Coffey, who is friendly with Hollywood heavies like Disney's Michael Eisner, holds or softens stories that might damage his connections. A story about film executive Jerry Weintraub's financial troubles and alleged drug use, for instance, languished in the *Times*'s computer and ran only after the *Wall Street Journal* published its own version.

Coffey denies that his relationships color or how Calendar is edited; instead, he points to the hard-nosed pieces he has published detailing the behind-the-scenes negotiations that went into the Matsu-

tivity than those in the *Times*'s own backyard. Last year, for instance, the *Times* made headlines nationwide when its premier profile writer, Bella Stumbo, quoted Washington Mayor Marion Barry making disparaging remarks about Jesse Jackson and threatening to cut off his political enemies "at the kneecaps." Yet a year earlier the paper was slow to run stories on Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley's questionable financial dealings.

The paper's editorial page has taken the same measured approach to the recent scandal surrounding a videotaped police beating. In the month since the incident, the paper has run as many as six stories a day, from long "Column One" pieces on group violence to two Times Mirror polls showing deteriorating support for police chief Daryl Gates. It was not until Coffey and other editors interviewed Gates and published what he said, however, that the editorial board ran a cautious editorial calling on the chief to resign.

The death in 1989 of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, the *Times*'s major competitor, has helped boost the paper's daily circulation to a record high. But like every newspaper in these recessionary times, the *Times* sees clouds forming on its economic horizon. For more than two decades, it has waged a costly battle for suburban and San Diego readers, wooing them with regional editions of the *Times*, each tailored to local audiences by an on-site staff. While publisher Laventhol says he has no intention of ceding these outposts to entrenched regional and local newspapers, the *Times* has shelved ambitious plans to extend its reach into Northern California, the Northwest and, eventually, the Pacific Rim.

The belt tightening also includes a tough new travel and hiring policy and the cancellation last February of the afternoon edition of the *Times*. But compared with those of many papers, the financial constraints are modest. In the past year the *Times* has opened new bureaus in Berlin, Brussels and Budapest, and has somehow found enough cash to lure talent from national magazines and newspapers.

What will the aggressive, energetic upstart from the West Coast do next? Coffey will not say, but it is clear that the paper's plans are boundless. "I don't think there will come a day when a voice like rolling thunder comes out of the sky and says, 'This is the best newspaper,'" he says. "Because the day that happens is the day somebody starts gaining on you." One thing is certain: the Los Angeles *Times* will not relax into its old complacency—at least not while Laventhol and Coffey are at the helm.

—Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/
Los Angeles and Leslie Whitaker/New York



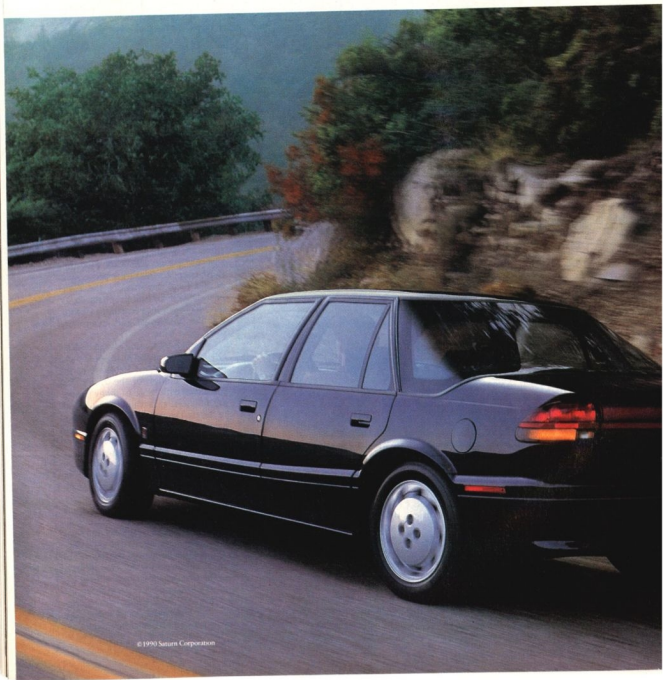
Publisher Laventhol: a low-key West Coast transplant who brightened the paper and its Sunday magazine

shita buyout of MCA and Sony's purchase of Columbia Pictures. Coffey boosters contend that Calendar's emphasis on profiles and reviews simply makes the section more competitive with the highbrow arts and culture section of the New York *Times*, which began circulating its national edition in Los Angeles in 1988.

The paper's fevered push for national and international recognition has inevitably made local reporting something of a stepchild. Events far from home are sometimes covered with more energy and objec-

In the past, everyone knew the rules. If you wanted serious, flat-out performance, you got a manual transmission. If you didn't want all that shifting, you got a nice, laid-back automatic.

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Bungee Jumping Comes of Age

Determined daredevils once made their madcap leaps in the dead of night to avoid authorities. Now in parts of the U.S. they leap with impunity from hot-air balloons and 140-ft.-high towers.

In the still, blue morning air 150 ft. above the town of Fort Lupton, Colo., two men float in a hot-air balloon. One lashes a strong rubber cord to the midsection of the other, Fred Kaemerer, 23, a Denver engineer, who grimaces like a condemned man. When the countdown rings out—"Three! Two! One!"—Kaemerer swan-dives headfirst over the edge of the gondola. Although it lasts only seconds, the 60 m.p.h. plunge seems to take forever. But the real kick is yet to come. Just as Kaemerer hurtles to within a few feet of the earth and a terrifying impact, the cord stretches taut, recoiling him skyward like a rocket.

Call it a thrill, or call it crazy. Just don't call bungee jumping illegal—that is, if the right kind of platform is involved. For years determined aerialists risked arrest by hurling themselves off bridges. Then a few discovered cranes, which are perfectly legal but hard to find. Now in Colorado bungee jumping is readily accessible. Leapers of faith can visit Clear Creek County, where officials have approved a 140-ft.-high bungee-jumping tower on public land 30 miles west of Denver. A county over, in Fort Lupton, the Federal Aviation Administration is expected this week to certify Adrenaline Adventures to operate hot-air balloons modified for jumping—the first such official seal of approval. Applications from other firms are certain to follow. Bungee lovers in Colorado and California have been operating uncertified balloons for more than a year.

Surprisingly, no critics turned up at the Clear Creek hearing last February at which county commissioners unanimously approved a two-year special-use permit to allow construction of the 140-ft. tower on land zoned for mining. "I expected hordes of people to come out against this, but the only concerns were about transportation and parking," says Carl Finocchiaro, president of Bungee Jumping Colorado. "I was

absolutely dumbfounded. The whole concept of bungee jumping was supported."

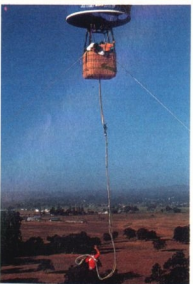
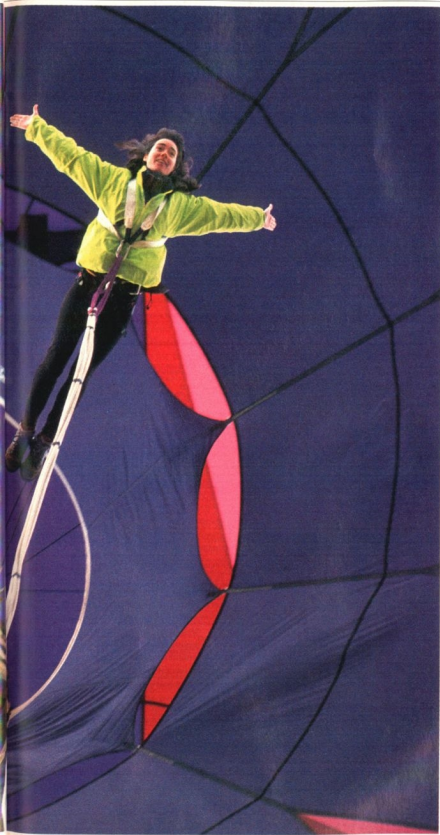
This is welcome news for those who stand to profit. Start-up firms charge \$50 to \$90 per jump and expect to attract as many as 100 jumpers per week. "The best mountain climbers anywhere live here," says Doug Hase, 23, president of Adrenaline Adventures. "Bungee jumping just fits in with the Colorado aura." One-fifth of his jumpers come back for more. Says Hase: "It's a huge sense of accomplishment after completing a jump."

The first jumpers in the U.S. practiced in the California Sierras, diving from bridges spanning river gorges. Since bridge jumping is illegal throughout the country, these aerial pioneers usually staged jumps early in the morning or late at night to evade local sheriffs, hustling their gear beneath wraps whenever headlights approached. In 1988, after a pair of California engineers opened a commercial—but unlicensed—jumping outfit near San Francisco, bungee madness began to catch on in America, following the lead of New Zealand, Australia and France. "The first time I jumped, I was terrified," admits Emily Trask, 25, a Denver financial consultant and veteran of 15 jumps. "It's a great time, a natural high."

It's also a high-risk exploit. Unlike most sports, bungee jumping allows zero margin for error. In a free fall, a mistake or an equipment failure would almost certainly mean a jumper's doom. But talk to any bungee enthusiast, and he'll tell you about the chills and thrills—not the spills. —By David E. Thigpen.
Reported by Joni H. Blackman/Denver

Letting go is the hardest part: veteran aerial artists like the woman at right confidently perform graceful swan dives and flips from a tethered hot-air balloon, while less experienced jumpers, far right, would rather not look as they step out of the gondola into the blue yonder





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"I may not have grown any hair after 6 months, but most of my hair's stopped falling out. I'm glad I got to the doctor fast."
—Luis Silva, 20

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"My hair's completely filled in. It started growing in under 2 months. It was amazing! Early treatment...it works!" —Jim Wilets, 30



"The first time I saw hair growing was at about 8 months. I hadn't lost much...but I'm not taking any chances." —Tony Vili

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February 1991

For a summary of product information, see adjoining page.

Rogaine
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The only product proven to grow hair.

New Challenge to the Big Bang?

Peering to the edge of the universe, an adventurous probe seeks to discover the mysterious origin of gamma rays

By JEROME CRAMER CAPE CANAVERAL

Call it an unexpected bonus from the cold war. During top-secret monitoring of the dark side of the moon 25 years ago, U.S. scientists discovered what they feared might be clandestine Soviet nuclear tests in space. Spy satellites picked up massive bursts of gamma rays similar to those released during the explosion of atom bombs. But these bursts, as gamma-ray scientists began to call them, did not match any known pattern. They were brief, lasting from only a fraction of a second up to 100 seconds. Civilian experts were called in to study the data, and the Soviet-nuclear-test theory was eventually ruled out. But scientists remained puzzled: What were those fleeting yet powerful flashes of gamma rays, and where did they come from?

Astronomers will get a chance to answer some of these questions—and more—over the next two to eight years as a result of last week's NASA launch of the Gamma Ray Observatory aboard the space shuttle *Atlantis*. The 17.5-ton GRO will circle the earth at a height of 450 km (280 miles), mapping the heavens as it peers to the very edges of the universe. "Gamma-ray scientists are starved for information," says Richard Lingenfelter, an astronomer at the University of California at San Diego. Data gathered on such violent but poetic-sounding celestial bodies as neutron stars, supernovas and black holes could force astronomers to revise or even discard popular notions on the origin of the universe.

Gamma rays are the most powerful type of radiation, thought to have been created during the explosion that launched the universe and its subsequent expansion. As distant heavenly bodies continue to collapse and explode, the only signals earth may receive of this activity are in the form of gamma rays. For example, gamma-ray bursts have been measured releasing more energy in a matter of seconds than the

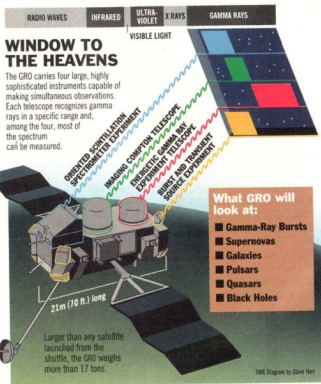
sun does in thousands of years. Since they carry no electric charge, gamma rays can plow through space unchanged, giving scientists a clear record of cosmic events. The atmosphere shields the earth from most gamma radiation, but this shield has forced scientists studying the rays to rely on instruments lofted aboard huge balloons or rockets. Until now researchers have only peeked

duce flashes of light called scintillations. Those data will be measured and sent back to earth. One of the instruments will track gamma-ray bursts, events that until recently some scientists did not believe existed. "It's a little like trying to catch and study lightning," a GRO scientist explains.

During the first 15 months, the mission will systematically create a gamma-ray map of the universe. Sources of energy that have long puzzled scientists will be recorded and cataloged. Data will be fed back to earth, where scientists poring over the information will zero in on particularly interesting phenomena or request NASA to point the GRO to a specific corner of the sky. NASA has already accepted 50 proposals, and is funding

experiments suggested by theoretical astronomers from around the world. Earth's own Milky Way will get a thorough working over; NASA astronomers are intent on discovering whether the energy at the center of the galaxy is a single black hole or a series of smaller objects. "There are weird collisions of matter and antimatter going on in the center of the Milky Way," says NASA astrophysicist Alan Bunner.

Scientists know so little about the forces in the universe that the real goal of the GRO is to gather basic data to guide astronomers in what to look for. "We're on a fishing expedition in outer space," says University of New Hampshire professor James Ryan. "We can hear the fish jumping, but we don't know what they look like." Ryan, who helped develop one of the instruments on the GRO, says the gamma-ray information, when matched with data streaming in from the Hubble Space Telescope launched last April, is sure to



through the veil of the universe; last week's GRO launch gives them a powerful tool and years to probe the outer limits.

The GRO satellite will rely on four sophisticated instruments, three of which are the size of small automobiles, to record the full range of gamma-ray activity. The devices will also conduct tests of the skies throughout the electromagnetic spectrum, using X rays, visible light and infrared light. These sensitive instruments were developed by a team of scientists from Germany, the Netherlands, the U.S. and the European Space Agency. The four monitors will all use liquid and solid crystals to record the origin of gamma-ray sources. As the rays smash into the crystals, they pro-

shake up currently accepted theories on the origin and scope of the universe. This new information, combined with data that will be compiled from future observations by X-ray and infrared satellites, could significantly change the Big Bang theory and send scientists back to the drawing board.

NASA engineers say they are sure the GRO will not run into any of the difficulties that have plagued the Hubble telescope. Launch delays caused by the *Challenger* disaster and other problems have given them a chance to "end-to-end" test all four satellite components. But scientists admit that they are eagerly waiting for the first bits of information on the violent world of gamma rays to begin streaming back to earth. ■

How the Nose Knows

Researchers discover the first known genes of smell and unlock one of the mysteries of the primitive brain

The sense of smell is the most primitive of the five senses, a throwback to the primordial mists when the brain was scarcely developed. It is also the least understood sense. The human nose can distinguish an extraordinary bouquet of odors, some 10,000 in all, and other animals can better that. It has long been recognized that moths, for example, are exquisitely sensitive to certain pheromone molecules and can sniff out a potential mate half a mile away. But scientists could not begin to explain precisely how they did it.

Until last week. In a discovery that promises to open up a whole new field of olfactory science, two researchers at Columbia University announced they have isolated what they believe are the first known odor receptors—individual genes that are active in the nose and nowhere else in the body. What is more, the molecules they found seem to be part of an extended family of smell genes—perhaps the largest single family in the long strand of mammalian DNA. “We have identified a few hundred genes,” says Richard Axel, a professor at Columbia’s Howard Hughes Medical Institute. “And there is reason to suspect there may be as many as a thousand.”

That is a lot of genes by modern standards. The eye, by contrast, uses only three different types of receptors—one sensitive to red light, another to green light and another to blue—to recognize a few thousand

different colors. Most of the information processing required to distinguish, say, mauve from chartreuse is actually done by the brain.

The new findings, published in the current issue of the journal *Cell*, suggest that the sense of smell may work very differently.

When odor molecules drift among the millions of tiny cilia located high in the



nasal cavity, they seem to slip into certain odor receptors like keys into locks. The fact that there are such a large number of different kinds of odor receptors

suggests that much of the work of discriminating among smells is being carried out at a chemical level within the nose itself. Signals from these receptors are then transmitted to the olfactory bulb, the

small region of the brain that specializes in identifying fragrances. But since that information has been filtered through the odor receptors before it is passed along, the brain does not have to do very much of its own processing before concluding that what it is confronting is a garlic clove and not a rose.

This makes a certain amount of sense from an evolutionary point of view. Although humans tend to treasure sight

A new family of genes active only in nose cells may be the reason we can distinguish among more than 10,000 different smells



above all other senses, primitive animals probably relied more heavily on smell than on vision for their survival. And since their small brain size may have limited their capacity to process large quantities of information, they needed lots of specialized cells to do the work of identifying, say, the smell of food that had spoiled or the odors associated with fertility and reproduction.

The nose, therefore, may be a key to understanding how the brain works. “These molecules will serve as useful tools” for solving a variety of scientific problems, says Linda Buck, who co-authored the *Cell* article with Axel. This knowledge may even yield some practical benefits. Pesticide makers may be able to design improved insect repellents based on a better understanding of why certain pests are attracted to some people and not to others. And who knows, perfume manufacturers could someday offer custom-made scents that are designed to snare not just any man, but a particular, special someone. —By Philip Elmer-DeWitt

Alarming Loss

Is the ozone layer thinning faster than expected?

Reports about the ozone layer are as maddeningly variable as the protective shield itself. Estimates of the problem’s severity fluctuate virtually with each new set of measurements from the atmosphere. Unfortunately, the estimates do seem to possess one common thread: they are getting worse. Last week’s announcement from the Environmental Protection Agency that the shield may be disappearing nearly twice as fast in northern latitudes as many scientists had predicted is the most alarming report to date. The study noted that the loss was occurring both farther south, over the most populous regions of the U.S., and later in the spring—when more people spend time

outside—than had been thought. Worse, the additional thinning of this protective layer of gases is expected to increase substantially the amount of harmful ultraviolet radiation reaching the earth’s surface, threatening a vast array of life-forms and boosting the number of skin-cancer deaths in the U.S. alone by 210,000 over the next 50 years.

The report, which was based on satellite readings collected between 1979 and 1990, is thought to present the most up-to-date picture of the problem yet. While earlier studies using data taken through 1986 had put the loss during the previous decade at about 2%, the new report says the number for the 1980s was closer to 5%. EPA chief William Reilly called the results “disturbing” and vowed to push for more stringent international controls on chlorofluorocarbons, the man-made chemicals thought to be largely responsible for triggering the problem. Most developed coun-

tries have agreed to ban the substances by the year 2000, but even that may not be soon enough, said Reilly.

Some scientists and officials feel the EPA may be overstating the case. Robert Watson, an ozone expert at NASA, commended the study in general but questioned the skin-cancer predictions, noting that the ozone layer still seems to be intact during the summer months, when most cases of skin cancer originate. Some critics also pointed out that Reilly may have timed the release of the report to rally public support for the environment one week before the National Academy of Sciences is scheduled to release a major paper on what the U.S. should be doing about global warming. The issue is one on which the White House, and chief of staff John Sununu, has been particularly intransigent. The science of ozone depletion may be complex, but no more so, it seems, than the politics of doing something about it. ■

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People

Here We Go Again

Today's Norville moves out. But is musical chairs over?

By SOPHRONIA SCOTT
Reported by Wendy Cole

They called her the Ice Princess, and many saw her as the Other Woman. When **Deborah Norville** replaced the highly popular **Jane Pauley** as co-anchor on NBC's *Today* show in late 1989, viewers felt betrayed. For weeks, they had watched as the attractive Norville, sitting alongside co-anchors **Bryant Gumbel** and Pauley, made her presence felt. It looked like Pauley's days were numbered. And when her number came up, the viewers played their own numbers game: they tuned out in droves, causing a precipitous drop in *Today's* ratings. The long-standing No. 1 morning show became No. 2.

And there it has stayed, while Pauley went on to star in her own newsmagazine show. But the world of TV is capricious and, as it turns out, not without irony. Last week it was Norville's turn to step aside, and waiting was another attractive young woman who had sat comfortably in the co-anchor's chair for six weeks. NBC News president **Michael Gartner** announced that Norville, who had been on maternity leave since Feb. 22, will be re-

placed by **Katie Couric**, her substitute.

The widespread assumption was that NBC management had forced Norville out and had been looking to do so for the past year of lackluster ratings. Viewers had not warmed up to her as hoped, and Norville lost more sympathy, among both viewers and co-workers, when a photo of her breast-feeding her son recently appeared in *PEOPLE* magazine. But the network's story is that Norville's leaving was her idea. In a statement, Norville, 32, said she wanted

to "give my son the best possible start on life and practice good journalism. There is plenty of time for the latter, but I'll get only one chance to do the former."

However, no one could help noticing that during Couric's brief tenure as sub-co-anchor, *Today's* ratings began gaining on ABC's *Good Morning America*, the No. 1 morning show. Viewers seemed to take to Couric, 34, who had become a fa-

miliar face as the national correspondent for *Today*. "It was a popular decision," says a *Today* show staff member. "Katie is friendly, outgoing, news credible. People here are relieved." But for how long? Couric's seat will soon be filled with yet another substitute, since she is also pregnant and due to deliver in July. "That could be the next *Today* show melodrama," quips Couric, who adds, "I'll give it my best shot. I hope it goes well, but there are no guarantees in this business."

No guarantees, and lots of blame. The halls of NBC

are buzzing with notions of who is at fault for the Deborah debacle. One insider noted that *Today's* management had let Norville "hang out to dry," pointing out that she took the fall in tough situations without any guidance. "Jane and Bryant had a lot of help," he said. "Nobody helped Deborah with her performance." Some on the *Today* show staff saw Norville's *PEOPLE* interview as an opportunistic move and criticized both the co-anchor and NBC for "fetal exploitation." What Norville will do next is another problem for NBC News. She leaves the show with more than three years left on her reported five-year, \$5 million contract, now seen as another big-time misstep. "They're going to pay her \$1 million a year to stay home," said another insider. "Next to Classic Coke, I don't think there's ever been a corporate mistake like it." The speculation is that no woman is safe on the set of *Today*. "It's a very fickle business," says the insider. "They loved Deborah. Bryant twinkled when he was with her. Now they like Katie. Bryant twinkles when he's around her. But one morning she'll breathe the wrong way." And then? Stay tuned—in or out. ■



Viewers didn't warm up to Norville, left, but the likable Couric is coaxing them back to the show



Pauley: fans thought her job was usurped

Of Cows, Scuds and Scotch

Just why did **P. J. O'ROURKE**, one of America's funniest writers, go to the Persian Gulf? And who let him come home?

By **MICHAEL RILEY**

No wonder P.J. O'Rourke loves being a writer. He can sleep late. There's no heavy lifting. And, unlike being a shortstop, he quips, writing is a lifelong occupation. Still, he never imagined he would have to play Cupid to a cow.

But George, his neighbor in New Hampshire, needed some help getting his heifer in the family way. So, while O'Rourke grabbed the cow's head and George hugged the middle, a farmer named Pete proceeded with the artificial insemination at the far end. Though he missed most of the intimate details, O'Rourke recalls one thing: "I will never forget the look on that cow's face." That same look, for just about the same reason, appeared on his face when he examined last year's federal farm bill, which, he claims, "does to the taxpayer what Pete, George and I did to the cow."

Only O'Rourke could score political points with bovine procreation. But weaving bizarre connections between mind-boggling subjects is a trademark of Patrick Jake O'Rourke, an acerbic master of gonzo journalism and one of America's most hilarious and provocative writers. A conservative with libertarian leanings, O'Rourke mixes a volatile brew of one-liners and vitriol, whether writing about the greenhouse effect or Saddam Hussein. And while his writings may not convert you—after all, this is a guy who grins when boasting about cutting down 3,400 trees on Earth Day—they may well make you an O'Rourke-ophile.

Last month he returned from a torturous assignment in the Persian Gulf for ABC Radio News. After weeks of dodging Scuds and eating bad hotel food—not to mention going without a sip of his favorite fuel, Dewar's White Label Scotch—he parachuted into Kuwait as an eyewitness to war's inferno and freedom's jubilation. He watched wide-eyed Kuwaiti women flirt with their liberators. He saw Marines reclaim the U.S. embassy. And he surveyed the surreal traffic jam of bombed vehicles on the highway to Basra. "It was nightmarish," he says, "partly because it was so perfectly familiar." Plus he nearly managed to blow himself up by peering into a booby-trapped box of rocket-propelled grenades on a hotel roof.

Like a moth to a flame, O'Rourke, 43, is drawn to exotic

hellholes, from the Philippines to Orlando's Epcot Center, to find out just what makes the world such a horrible place. (Besides, it's usually great fun.) But it is not his war reporting that distinguishes him; rather, it is his eye for the bizarre, the mundane and the incomprehensible. During student riots in Seoul, while being pelted with roof tiles, O'Rourke took note of the spotless bathrooms. At Saudi gas stations, which have 58¢-a-gallon gas and American-style rest rooms, he reported a problem with footprints on toilet seats. It seems not everyone there is used to modern conveniences. And it may be O'Rourke has a thing for bathrooms.

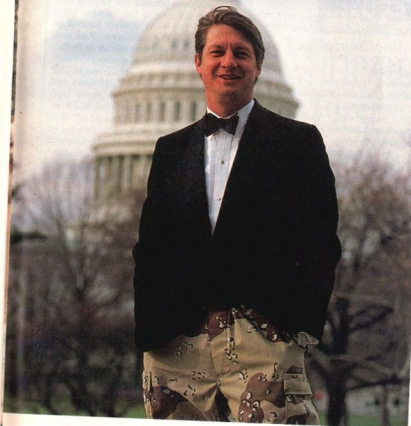
Such traits—and lines—have propelled O'Rourke, who combines a devilish Dennis the Menace grin with the sure shuffle of a frat boy who's dating the homecoming queen, into America's journalistic elite. "He's got the hyperactivity of Hunter Thompson but with a less fried brain," says drinking buddy and political commentator Bob Beckel. Adds friend and humorist Dave Barry: "He's outrageous, and I like that. In the age of political correctness, I think it's good to have somebody who does that." O'Rourke's writing is driven by a practiced wit, a brilliant use of analogy, and a hard edge capable of offending almost anyone. With publication this spring of his latest book, *Parliament of Whores* (a Morgan Entekin Book: Atlantic Monthly Press), a scathing indictment of the U.S. government, O'Rourke may be perched on the verge of a breakthrough to wider fame.

Over the years he has built a loyal following, particularly among cynical baby boomers. Although his first crude efforts at experimental poetry have been consigned to a dusty bookshelf in his seven-fireplace New Hampshire home, O'Rourke found success in the late 1970s as editor in chief at *National Lampoon*. By the early 1980s, he started freelancing and soon became a Rolling Stone regular. Several books followed, among them *Holidays in Hell*, an outrageous account of his world travels, and *Republican Party Reptile*, an uneven collection of essays that includes his infamous "How to Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink." From there, he has become a member of what passes for Washington's political literati.

O'Rourke's evolution has taken him from juvenile lampoonery and sophomoric one-liners to a bitterly funny, and fairly astute, analysis of the Federal Government. Though a draft dodger during Vietnam, he saw firsthand the flaws of the 1960s ethic when the self-styled Balto-Cong raided his underground newspaper in Baltimore and claimed the paper was not radical enough. That, coupled with the fact that a huge chunk of his first paycheck went to the government, began to steer him away from liberalism. "A little government and a little luck are necessary in life but only a fool trusts either of them," writes O'Rourke in *Parliament of Whores*.

In the book, he blasts almost everyone, from the Supreme Court to the bureaucracy to those he derides as "compassion fascists" (read: liberals). He argues that God is a Republican and Santa Claus is a Democrat because God is a tough, unsentimental s.o.b. and Santa Claus is a sweet old fellow who doesn't exist. The rightful place for democracy, he writes, is "to shut up and get out of our faces." Such vivid images reinforce the book's conclusion: "The whole idea of our government is: if enough people get together and act in concert, they can take something and not pay for it... Every government is a parliament of whores. The trouble is, in a democracy, the whores are us."

O'Rourke's writing is driven by a practiced wit, a brilliant use of analogy, and a hard edge capable of offending almost anyone.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

But O'Rourke is your typical white-bread, middle-class suburban kid from Toledo. His father, a car salesman, died when O'Rourke was nine and left his mother, who later went to work as a school secretary, with very little. She remarried, and O'Rourke detested her new husband. "I was a fairly unhappy kid with a very active fantasy life," he remembers. He left home in high school, then returned for a short time before studying English at Miami University in Ohio. He recently married 26-year-old Amy Lumet, daughter of film director Sidney Lumet and also Lena Horne's granddaughter, and the couple split their time between a 60-acre spread in Shannon, N.H., where Amy is completing college, and a spacious apartment in Washington.

When he writes, O'Rourke retreats to a third-floor hideaway in his New Hampshire home. It's a manly place, replete with fireplace, dark wood paneling and mementos of his world travels scattered about. He shows no interest in computers, choosing instead to hammer away on an IBM electric typewriter. Up close, O'Rourke, like many funny writers, comes across as a fairly normal guy. He holds doors open for women, he likes kids, and he's proud of a tangy hors d'oeuvre he fashions from sliced cucumbers, black pepper and the cheapest vinegar you can buy. At the grocery store, he waits patiently in line to buy swordfish, but he refuses to purchase any lettuce you cannot toss from home plate to first

think there's anything in my writing that says being a male or white is better," he says, "but it's definitely the thing I'm most familiar with."

His worst flaw may be a rah-rah jingoism that informs some of his pieces, like the one in which he cheers the fall of the Berlin Wall. "The privileges of liberty and the sanctity of the individual went out and kicked some butt," he says. Or it may be that he feels no compunction to propose any answers to the problems he raises. Or perhaps it's that he often invokes the "I'm-just-kidding" defense as an all-purpose shield. But, hey, who can hold a grudge for long against a guy who explains that the Ottoman Empire got its name "because it had the same amount of intelligence and energy as a footstool?" O'Rourke simply calls them as he sees them.

Though he has taken pains to construct his literary persona—a hard-drinking, drug-taking, fast-driving, womanizing hero—this red-meat kind of guy has mellowed. He still chain-smokes Petit Nobel cigars, but he's given up cocaine and butter, and he even passes up cheeseburgers for chicken sandwiches. "P.J.'s image of himself is probably quite different from the public's perception of him," says friend Denis Boyles. "He might want to appear a bad boy, but I think the way he'd like to appear, sometime in his life, is as a Victorian gentleman." Readers should hope that never happens. ■

Physicians, Heal Themselves!

A new doctor arrives at the ailing National Institutes of Health to fight low morale, sagging wages and official interference

By **DICK THOMPSON** WASHINGTON

Inside the laboratories of the National Institutes of Health, 3,200 of America's best researchers are tackling medical mysteries that range from conception to aging. But one of the most perplexing problems confronting the NIH is its own health. Considered by many to be the world's most productive biomedical-research facility, the NIH is nonetheless suffering from a multitude of ailments. Noncompetitive salaries have made it difficult to retain top researchers or hire replacements. Political meddling has stopped some areas of investigation and assumed control of others. A recent monitoring of ethical infractions, concerns about allegations of fraud, and new conflict-of-interest regulations have combined to drag down morale. The Bush Administration let the situation worsen by leaving the NIH without a director for nearly two years. At least three men turned the job down, some protesting the Administration's abortion "litmus test."

"Things are so bad, some have said, they couldn't even get a man to be NIH director," jokes Bernadine Healy, a cardiovascular researcher. This week Healy, 46, makes her debut before Congress as the new NIH director, the first woman to hold that job. To many it appears that George Bush may finally have summoned just the right doctor. In addition to work in medical and research areas, Healy has had a lengthy career in science policy. She has served on several federal science-advisory committees and, most recently, as chief of the Cleveland Clinic Foundation's Research Institute. Most important, she knows intimately the problems confronting the NIH. "This is not only a job worth doing but also one that can be done," she says.

Healy is now entrusted with the world's most unusual biomedical-research center. No other institution houses as many biomedical researchers on a single campus. "It's the linchpin of biomedical research," says Yale medical school dean Leon Rosenberg. Last year alone, NIH scientists or their associates on university campuses began the first federally sanctioned gene therapy on a human, located the cystic fi-

brosis gene, developed a drug to reduce paralysis from spinal-cord injuries and demonstrated that the drug AZT prolongs life in AIDS patients.

But the excitement of medical discoveries has masked the NIH's growing problems, especially funding. The 13 institutes that make up the NIH consume \$8.3 billion in federal financing. While the NIH budget has grown steadily throughout the 1980s, politicians have earmarked larger portions

Poor pay has long been an accepted fact of life for government scientists. But the rise of political meddling has so soured the atmosphere around the campus that the salary differential has become more important. The most obvious limitations on scientific inquiry have come from conservatives, who have won official or de facto bans in such abortion-sensitive areas as contraceptive research and the use of fetal tissue as a treatment in Parkinson's and Alzheimer's diseases. When 20-year NIH veteran Lynn Loriaux was prevented from studying the French abortifacient RU-486, he left last August and became director of endocrinology at Oregon Health Sciences University. "It was just too hard to find the freedom to work in this area," he says. Since the ban on speaking fees for federal



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR ENR



Entrusted with the world's most productive biomedical-research center, Healy, left, makes her debut as NIH director. She jokes, "Things are so bad, some have said, they couldn't even get a man."

for specific projects (such as AIDS research and the Human Genome Project) and left fewer dollars for fundamentals. Moreover, the wages paid federal scientists, which have never been comparable to those paid their counterparts outside government, have fallen dramatically behind—and the lure of fatter paychecks is becoming almost irresistible. The average salary for scientists with 10 years' experience is about \$60,000. Researchers with that experience can double their paychecks at most universities, and in industry their wages can triple. The salary discrepancy has made it difficult to find replacements, particularly since today's medical-school graduates are burdened by enormous loans. Says J. Edward Rall, director of the NIH's Office of Intramural Research: "If somebody owes \$80,000, it is difficult to contemplate a research career with the government. You just can't afford it." A proposed job category that would allow 200 top scientists to be paid as much as \$138,900 is being re-evaluated by the White House.

employees went into effect last year, NIH researchers have been prohibited from accepting lecture fees and other traditional forms of supplemental income offered to their academic brethren. And the institutes' new science police, prowling for the scent of fraud, visibly signal a more stringent environment on the campus. "All these things take their toll," says immunologist Joseph Bolen, a 10-year NIH veteran who has just resigned to take a position with a pharmaceutical firm.

In tackling these problems, Healy is aware she will need to build a strong consensus for action. "No one woman, or man, will be able to do it right without a lot of support," she says. During the past two years, the individual institute directors have moved into the power vacuum at the top, and it will be difficult for her to wrest back authority. The NIH is a national treasure. Healy's difficult task is to make sure this treasure is not squandered, even if it means using every remedy in her black bag.

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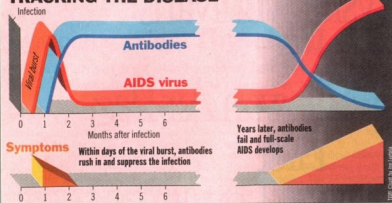
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TRACKING THE DISEASE



Medicine

The Body Wins Round 1

Research offers hope that the AIDS virus can be beaten

For the past decade, AIDS researchers have focused on the last phase of the infection. Their main question: Why do people with the AIDS virus, or HIV, succumb to cancers, opportunistic infections and nerve disorders? During the past two years, however, a small number of immunologists and virologists have started asking a different, and potentially more useful, question: Why do so many people with the virus live in such good health for so long—in some cases for more than 12 years?

Two groups of scientists from UCLA and the University of Alabama believe they have found the beginning of an answer. In independent studies published last week in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the researchers demonstrated for the first time that the body launches a massive and effective counterattack on the virus soon after the infection begins. If doctors can figure out how to reproduce that early, powerful immune response, they might be able to develop better medical treatments that would postpone—or prevent—the later, debilitating stages of the disease.

The researchers required tenacity—and more than a bit of luck. After all, to study someone at the beginning of a relatively silent phase of the HIV infection, they had to find people who did not yet realize they had contracted the virus. It turns out that at least a third of HIV-infected people develop a fever or a severe sore throat within a few weeks to months after first exposure. Such signs, which usually clear up on their own, can easily be misdiagnosed as a bad flu or mononucleosis. Researchers realized the tip-off would come when they tested the patients and found HIV instead of influenza viruses or other disease-

causing agents. By hanging out in hospital emergency rooms and talking to colleagues, the researchers identified seven young homosexual men—three in Alabama, four in California—suffering from a primary HIV infection.

Using advanced laboratory tests that had been developed only in the past few years, both sets of scientists discovered an explosive growth of virus in the men's bloodstreams. (Half of the men were able to pinpoint exactly when they became infected, and in each case it was during unprotected sex.) Each liter of the men's blood contained as many as 10 million infectious viruses. "This is the first time anyone has reported such high levels of infectious virus early on," says Dr. Eric Daar, a specialist in infectious disease and one of the leaders of the UCLA study. "We've never seen these levels before except in people with severe AIDS."

Within days after the viral burst, the researchers measured a rapid increase in the bloodstream of the number of anti-HIV antibodies. These Y-shaped bits of protein sought out the virus and targeted it for destruction. Once the antibody attack reached full scale in the seven test subjects, the level of HIV in the bloodstream dropped precipitously. In the majority of cases, the researchers could detect little or no virus two to three weeks later. "In other words, the normal immune system can shut down the AIDS virus," says Dr. Stephen Clark, who organized the study at the University of Alabama. Now researchers must figure out exactly how the body puts together this early effective defense—and how the virus manages, years later, to circumvent it.

—By Christine Gorman

Theater

Home Alone

LUCIFER'S CHILD by William Luce

With nonmusical plays routinely costing \$1 million to mount on Broadway and sometimes soaring to twice that, producers are increasingly tempted by one-person shows. Simply staged and lit, they are cheaper both to launch and to keep running, and every season brings one. Broadway last week had three: Tracey Ullman impersonating '50s stage mother Florence Aadland in a tour de force that has just closed; Jackie Mason opining about almost everything; and Julie Harris portraying writer Isak Dinesen. Off-Broadway, Eileen Atkins appears as Virginia Woolf. Artistically, these shows recall the theater's primal origins in storytelling. At best they offer unexcelled emotional intimacy between actor and audience. At worst they lack dramatic movement and reveal character in the most obvious way: by declaiming, instead of through the subtler means of behavior.

Harris' welcome return to Broadway—where she has won a record five Tony Awards—depicts Dinesen in her mid-70s, back in the house near Copenhagen where she was born. Its real subject is her 18 years as one man's wife and another's mistress on a farm near Nairobi, where the writer says she arrived a Dane and left a Masai. These events shaped the scenic, Oscar-winning *Out of Africa*, and playgoers who saw the movie may find this new version drably lacking in sense of place. Those who didn't, and who also haven't read Dinesen or her biographers, will probably judge the skittery stage narrative almost impossible to follow.

The trouble starts with the very idea of the piece. Harris, 65, who commissioned it, chose a period of Dinesen's life suited to her own age. That sets her the daunting task of making audiences feel as urgent the joys and sorrows of decades ago. If any actress could make this work, Julie Harris could. But she can't. —By William A. Henry III



Harris: out of Africa, still there in memory

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Ethics

Brushing Up on Right and Wrong

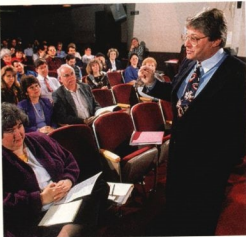
A California ethicist teaches change for the better

When the phone rings for Michael Josephson, it usually means that something has gone wrong. Spectacular disgraces like the savings and loan mess and the police-brutality scandal in Los Angeles have aroused public concern about corruption, and corruption—and how to avoid it—is one of Josephson's chief concerns. A former law professor at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles, he specializes in teaching ethics courses to government officials, businessmen and just plain citizens. Whether the problem is state-house wrongdoing or corporate misconduct, his telephone rings often these days with the same request: Can you help us?

One of his main precepts: "We judge ourselves by our best intention, but we are judged by our last worst act."

In recent months Josephson has conducted seminars for such diverse groups as the New York State Bar Association, Levi Strauss & Co. and the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. In January he spent eight days in Berkeley Springs, W. Va., teaching 55 senior executives of the Internal Revenue Service, who in turn will pass on what they have learned to the agency's 14,000 managers. Alaska asked him to draft a model ethics bill last year that is still pending in the state's legislature, and Tennessee is considering its own reforms based on the Alaska model.

In Sacramento, Josephson recently had a captive audience. A 1990 state ethics-reform law, passed after the felony indictments of two California legislators, makes attendance at biennial ethics courses mandatory for all state legislators and their staff members. It is probably the first time that an entire legislature has been sent back to school. Typically, Josephson asked participants to enact real-life situations that involve moral dilemmas. A pet example: When a senator is invited to speak out of town, is it proper for the sponsoring group to pay for the air fare and hotel bills of his family? Josephson explains that while such perks may be



Josephson challenges participants to face moral dilemmas

Across the country, business and government leaders are brushing up on right and wrong by attending Josephson's seminars to re-educate themselves about ethics. The sessions are entertaining and combative, but their message is simple: ethical values are more than a series of rules. Josephson encourages people to look beyond the letter of the law to such principles as honor, fairness, honesty and justice.

Josephson began teaching ethics in 1976, when he was assigned a Watergate-inspired course on legal ethics. Later that year, he began to muse over the increasing distance between society's emphasis on measures designed to prevent bad conduct and its incentives to promote good behavior. In Los Angeles he founded the non-profit Joseph & Edna Josephson Institute of Ethics, named for his parents, and started offering classes. During the past four years, he has taught thousands of people in hundreds of companies and organizations.

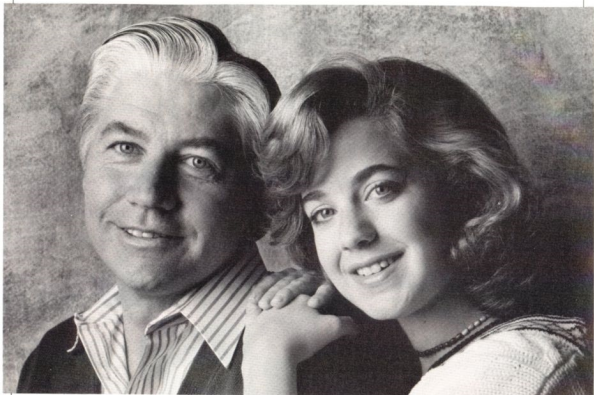
legal, they are not ethical because they have the appearance of skirting the no-honorariums rules.

Are such programs really effective? While many find them worthwhile, state senator Diane Watson, who took part in the Sacramento meeting, is not so sure. "Politics is about what you can negotiate," she says. "You cannot take the standard of ordinary people and lay it over every situation." On the contrary, says Josephson, personal values are the starting place for effective political ethics. As the century draws to a close, he is optimistic that every leading business and government organization will have an ethics-education program. "Without it," he warns, "they are going to get chewed up from inside and outside." He predicts, in fact, that the ethics movement will be to the '90s what the consumer movement was to the '60s. And his phone keeps on ringing.

—By Emily Mitchell

Reported by Sylvester Monroe/Sacramento

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Books

The Case of the AWOL President

PRESIDENT REAGAN: THE ROLE OF A LIFETIME

by Lou Cannon; Simon & Schuster; 948 pages; \$24.95

By LAURENCE I. BARRETT

The first question in an intimate Oval Office session came from George Skelton of the *Los Angeles Times*. Ronald Reagan looked squarely at Skelton and started to respond: "Well, Lou..." The reporters present, though used to Reagan's lapses, were embarrassed for Skelton as he reintroduced himself. The President had in mind Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*, who, like Skelton, had covered Reagan's trajectory from Sacramento to Washington. To Reagan, Cannon was the generic newscie of that vintage.



The mythmaker in 1988: seeking a happy ending

In fact, capital insiders viewed Cannon that way too because of his superior coverage of Reagan. Now, in his third book on the subject, Cannon caps 25 years of Reagan watching in monumental fashion. The volume's heft and density are intimidating, but *President Reagan* is essential reading for anyone who wants to understand the star of politics in the 1980s. On one level it is an exhaustive account of the Administration, with new material added to the familiar chronology.

Reagan ignored his homework on the eve of a summit meeting because, he explained to an aide, "*The Sound of Music* was on last night." Reagan's fascination with Armageddon theology fueled his enthusiasm for the Star Wars missile-defense system. Decision making occasionally stagnated not only because of intra-Cabinet disputes, but also because his advisers of-

ten had to rely on the President's body language as a code for intentions Reagan refused to articulate. The supporting cast speaks candidly in these pages. Jeane Kirkpatrick recalls an agonizing conflict over policy toward Nicaragua, and Reagan's role: "Just absent. Just not there."

The book's second level, an archaeological dig through Reagan's attitudes, deals with why the President was often AWOL and other puzzles. Growing up the son of an alcoholic father explains in part Reagan's aversion to conflict in the official family. Cannon, having lived with the same burden, writes of this with special sensitivity. More-opaque layers of the Reagan psyche—his capacity for self-deception and his tendency to let myth taint important policies—tie in to his Hollywood fixation with happy endings.

But even so dogged a digger as Cannon cannot totally excavate all the paradoxes. How a politician so adept at the techniques of public leadership and so closely in tune with Everyman's dreams could habitually divorce himself from the realities of governance remains elusive. Cannon concedes frustration and ambivalence. In one passage he reports his best sources' belief that "Reagan usually operated on the basis of sound instincts and common sense." Later, the same inner circle sees its

task as "protecting the Reagan presidency from the clear and present danger of Ronald Reagan."

Still, Cannon refuses to join the now fashionable club of Reagan bashers. Why? Because the country needed the muscular optimism Reagan brought to the White House and, after a siege of presidential paralysis, Reagan showed that innovation at the top was still possible.

What the country did not need was the surfeit of feel-good illusions Reagan sold so successfully. Every politician peddles hope in bright ribbons. The saddest and scariest conclusion one takes from this book is that Reagan fully believed his spels even at their most outlandish. That gut sincerity and his actor's skills let him ring up record sales in the '80s. Paying the bills is America's hellish task in the '90s and perhaps beyond.

Classic Spooks

DARK STAR

by Alan Furst

Houghton Mifflin; 417 pages; \$22.95

Imagine discovering an unscreened espionage thriller from the late 1930s, a classic black-and-white movie that captures the murky allegiances and moral ambiguity of Europe on the brink of war. All the treasured cinematic touches that convey a mood of incipient danger are present—a dead Soviet agent in a waterfront brothel in Ostend, lonely footsteps muffled by the snow on a dark Berlin street, a worn leather satchel with a false bottom left in a Prague railway station. No, they do not make movies like that anymore. But in *Dark Star*, Alan Furst has replicated this idealized form, this image of Europe entwined in a web of malevolent ideology.

Furst's perfect-pitch re-creation begins with a fatally flawed protagonist: André

Szara, 40, *Pravda* reporter in Europe and occasional Soviet spy, whose life goals have been reduced to a desire to outlast Stalin's purges. As the novel opens in 1937, Szara, a Russified Polish Jew, is caught in the midst of a blood feud in the Soviet secret services between his NKVD friends, mostly Jewish intellectuals,



Author Furst

and Stalin's Georgian thugs. The fear that dominates Szara's nomadic life is palpable: a typically chilling passage is about his return to Russia aboard a Soviet freighter with a human cargo of condemned men who know that homecoming means an executioner's bullet. En route, these compromised trade representatives and diplomats "rarely slept, greedy for their remaining hours of introspection, pacing about the deck when they could stand the cold."

Szara's safety net is espionage; he becomes a full-time NKVD operative in Paris charged with maintaining ties to an imperiled Jewish industrialist in Berlin, who somehow knows how many bombers Germany is building each month. Fear not; *Dark Star* never becomes one of those breathless adventures that build fake suspense around schemes to stop Hitler. Plot is less important than Furst's powerful descriptive writing, particularly his account of Szara's nightmare flight across Poland in the first days of the war. What carries the book to a level beyond the cynicism of spy novels is its ability to carry us back in time. Nothing can be like watching *Casablanca* for the first time. But Furst comes closer than anyone has in years. —By Walter Shapiro

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Books

Young Einstein

THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING

by Lisa Grunwald

Knopf; 333 pages; \$20

At 30, physicist Alexander Simon has everything, including the Theory of Everything. His new, Nobel-size hypothesis ties up the movement of the tides and the invisible violence of the atom, the phenomenon of light and the drag of gravity. If only this young Einstein were a think-tank nerd, he could insulate himself from the challenges of academic inquiry and worldwide publicity.

But Alexander is all too human. He finds himself retreating from a universe whose significance eludes him and undone by persistent echoes of childhood. It was then that his mother Alice abandoned her family—but not before she convinced the boy that there are such phenomena as ghosts and guardian angels. As Alexander edges toward nervous collapse, Alice returns from a 20-year absence. With her is Cleo, a seductive and hilarious blond, flourishing every new-age artifice from palmistry and crystal therapy to numerology and astrology. Smitten, Alexander finds himself pulled toward opposing terminals: the arena of scientific investigation and the realm of emotion and mysticism.

In her second work of fiction (the first was *Summer*, in 1986), Lisa Grunwald displays her own gifts of unification. Alexander's obsession with the quartet of forces that influence every particle is counterbalanced by an enchantment with the four elements of alchemy: water, earth, air and fire. And his search for the ultimate strands of matter vie with a desire to find the basic truths of metaphysics.

Which will triumph? Or is a victory really necessary? Are the two arenas of knowledge irreconcilable? Or are they different entrances to the same estate? Such questions have intrigued scientists ever since Plato first observed that "astronomy compels the soul to look upwards and leads us from this world to another." Grunwald offers no final answers, but her chart of genius in extremis is witty and sympathetic. In *The Theory of Everything*, Alexander has come up with an extraordinary insight. His creator has kept pace. She has produced that rarest of all items in the VCR age: an authentic philosophical novel. —By Stefan Kanfer



Novelist Grunwald

JOHN GUNDEL

The Perils of Being a Lefty

A sinister study shows that right-handers live longer than southpaws—but have researchers fingered the right cause?

By **JESSE BIRNBAUM**

Left-handed people are such a sorry lot. Though they are a minority (perhaps 10% of the population), no antidiscrimination laws protect them. They bump elbows with their partners at the dinner table. They are clumsy with scissors and wrenches. In a world designed and dominated by righties, they are condemned to a lifetime of snubs, of fumbling with gadgets and switches and buttons. Possibly because of a stressful birth or because the left side of the brain sometimes doesn't know what the right side is doing, they suffer disproportionately from migraine headaches and stuttering. Since lefties also tend to be dyslectic, they are forever going right when they want to go left, transposing digits when they punch up phone numbers and, when writing words, getting their letters all mixed up.

Now they have something else to worry about. Two right-handed Ph.D.s, Diane F. Halpern of California State University and Stanley Coren of the University of British Columbia, reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* last week that righties live longer than lefties. The researchers examined the death certificates of 987 men

and women in Southern California and found that the mean age at death was 75 for right-handed people and 66 for lefties. One reason for this discrepancy may be that left-handed people seem to be more susceptible to fatal accidents (7.9% vs. 1.5%), groping, as they must, through the mirror images of their daily lives.

The California study was quickly attacked by other researchers, who contended that other factors may be more relevant, such as illness or poverty. Still, the report cannot come as a complete surprise to lefties, who have suffered from superstition and suspicion for centuries. Even the Bible equates left-handedness with evil, right-handedness with virtue and godliness. Matthew's parable, for example, tells of the sheep "on the right hand" that were sent to heaven; the goats were on the left, so they went to hell.

And it's been hell ever since, aided and abetted by snide, pejorative language. From Latin comes the disapproving *sinister* (on the left, inauspicious) and the flattering *dexterous* (on the right, skillful). The Spanish word for left-handed, *zurdo*, means malicious. If you are *gauche* (left) in France, you are tactless and unsophisticated.

Adroit comes from the French *à*

droit (to the right), and we know what *maladroit* means—especially when we see a left-handed violinist bowing northwest while the rest of the string section is north-east. A left-handed compliment is not nice, but a right-hand man is indispensable. If you get up on the wrong (left) side of the bed, you are grumpy. Even writing about it can give a leftie a migraine.

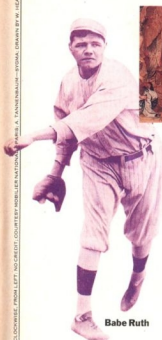
Still, lefties do not always cede the upper hand. Tennis players like Martina Navratilova and John McEnroe have an advantage that puts a deadly spin on the ball, and southpaws from Ty Cobb to Sandy Koufax have always been prized in baseball. And how about history's Left-Handed Hall of Fame? Lefty Napoleon! Lefty Picasso! Also such a contemporary personage as that stunning example of dyslexia in motion, Gerald Ford.

If you think hard about all those achievers, the news from California is not so depressing after all. So you die sooner.

So what? Who wants to live forever, right?

FAMOUS LEFTIES

F. Lee Bailey
Billy the Kid
The Boston Strangler
Lenny Bruce
George Burns
Julius Caesar
Lewis Carroll
Charmagne
Jimmy Connors
Clarence Darrow
Leonardo Da Vinci
Albert Einstein
W.C. Fields
Ben Franklin
Lou Gehrig
Betty Grable
Goldie Hawn
Jimi Hendrix
Herbert Hoover
Rock Hudson
Samuel Johnson
Caroline Kennedy
King George VI
Paul Klee
Hajo Marx
Michelangelo
Marilyn Monroe
Arnold Palmer
Cole Porter
Queen Victoria
Raphael
Ronald Reagan
Robert Redford
Jack the Ripper
Nelson Rockefeller
Ringo Starr
Tiny Tim
Rudy Vallee
Joanne Woodward



Babe Ruth



Alexander the Great



George Bush



Paul McCartney



Martina Navratilova



Napoleon



Judy Garland



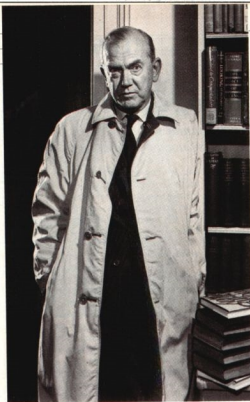
Pablo Picasso



Charlie Chaplin

The Arts

The world lost two of its most singular and enduring cultural figures last week. British novelist Graham Greene, who wrote more than 50 books, invaded and shaped the public imagination more than any other serious writer of this century. Martha Graham, the embodiment of modern dance and the master of the indelible gesture, created a revolution in motion.



He held a dislike for the strong and sympathy for the underdog

were," he wrote, "a generation brought up on adventure stories who had missed the enormous disillusionment of the First World War." At Oxford, he dabbled in writing and later drifted into newspaper work, eventually becoming a subeditor at the *London Times*.

There he might have stayed had it not been for his stubborn conviction that he could become a writer and his marriage to Vivien Dayrell-Browning, whom he had met at Oxford. She was a Roman Catholic, and in 1926 Greene had converted to her faith. He later recalled his feelings after formally being received into the church: "There was no joy in it at all, only a somber apprehension." Greene never took his religion lightly, and the Catholicism that would come to stamp his fiction served both as a stern gauge by which to measure the behavior of fallen mortals and as a powerful source of divine mercy.

Greene's first published novel, *The Man Within* (1929), enjoyed a modest success and was made into a film. This pattern was to be repeated throughout his career, for Greene and the movies virtually grew up together. He learned the economies of filmed narration—the quick cuts, the disembodied perspective, the interpolated conversations—used them in his books and then saw them re-employed in adaptations of his own work on the screen.

His greatest fiction spanned the years 1938 to '51: *Brighton Rock* (1938), *The Heart of the Matter* (1948), *The End of the Affair* (1951) and, most hauntingly, *The Power and the Glory* (1940). The pilgrimage of the nameless "whiskey priest," on the run in a Mexican state from a sectarian tyranny, remains a thrilling adventure of despair and irrational redemption.

For all his worldly success, Greene retained the attitudes dictated by his childhood: a dislike for the strong—hence his increasing postwar opposition to the U.S.—and a sympathy for the underdog, a category that came to include everyone from Fidel Castro to Kim Philby, a one-time friend and also a British intelligence officer who famously spied for and then defected to the Soviet Union. The last 30 or so years of his life were spent in a modest apartment in an undistinguished building in Antibes, on the French Mediterranean. Long separated (but never divorced) from his wife, Greene wrote conscientiously some 300 words every day, among them the opening sentence of the second volume of his autobiography: "What a long road it has been."

A Life on the World's Edge

Graham Greene: 1904–1991

By PAUL GRAY

He did not plan on a long life. As a boy, he toyed with suicide, employing, among other means, a dull knife, hay-fever drops and a mild overdose of aspirin; he also survived several sessions of Russian roulette. Grown older, evidently in spite of himself, he left his native England as often as possible to court danger and disease, wherever and whenever they might prove most virulent: Africa, Mexico, Indochina, Cuba, Haiti, Central America. None of these places killed him; instead they furnished material for many of his more than 50 books, including novels, short story collections, travel writings, plays, essays, autobiography, biography and children's tales. So Graham Greene's death last week, at 86, prompts not only sadness and tributes but also a question: What would the contemporary world look like if he had got his wish and not lived to describe it?

For no serious writer of this century has more thoroughly invaded and shaped the public imagination than did Graham Greene. Millions who have never read him are nonetheless familiar with his vision. Versions of Greene-scenes can be found in daily headlines or wherever entertainment flickers: the dubious quest, undertaken by a flawed agent with divided loyalties against an uncertain enemy; the wrench of

fear or of violence that confronts an otherwise ordinary person with a vision of eternal damnation or inexplicable grace.

Greene did not dream up this terrain of momentous border crossings and casual betrayals, and he could be peevish with those who praised his inventiveness: "Some critics have referred to a strange violent 'seedy' region of the mind (why did I ever popularize that last adjective?) which they call Greeneland, and I have sometimes wondered whether they go round the world blinkered. 'This is Indochina,' I want to exclaim, 'this is Mexico, this is Sierra Leone carefully and accurately described.'" But on his journeys the author carried a transforming talent and temperament that rendered all the places, no matter how meticulously portrayed, not only seedy but unmistakably Greeneland.

Birth and circumstances drove Greene to a life on the edge. Congenitally unhappy with what he later called his manic-depressive self, he found himself a double agent at a tender age, a student at the Berkhamsted School, where his father reigned as headmaster. Naturally, his classmates made his life miserable, and Greene sought retreat in voracious reading. But the drama served up by his favorite authors (among them John Buchan and Joseph Conrad) reminded Greene that he had been born at an unpropitious time. "We



The hallmark of her work was fierce concentration and energy

tranced, Graham joined the Denishawn company, but left in 1923 to try Broadway dancing. By 1926 she had formed a group, which performed in New York. The masterpieces began to flow, as they would over several decades. There was a cluster of distinctively American works, such as *Letter to the World*, about Emily Dickinson, and the ever vernal *Appalachian Spring*. Though a quintessential modernist, she was attracted to doomed classical heroines: Clytemnestra, Medea, Alceste, Phaedra.

In the '20s she began a long liaison with composer Louis Horst, who became her musical mentor. In 1948 she was briefly married to Erick Hawkins, a thrilling dancer who later founded his own enduring company. She never lacked for acolytes: Rudolf Nureyev and Mikhail Baryshnikov, who offered their classically trained bodies to her training, and the late designer Halston, who cosseted her and

dressed her like the goddess she was in her later years.

In the studio she could be harsh. She spoke in a whisper that was louder than a shout. On occasion she laughed heartily at her students' efforts. "With Martha," Richard Boone once said, "you get it right away or jump out the window." Glen Tetley, a protégé in the 1950s, went on to become a ballet choreographer. Just before his first major premiere, he developed crippling back spasms; no one else knew his role. Graham solved the problem. Spying him in a cafeteria, she walked over and slapped his face hard. "You stand up there and go out and dance," she commanded. "It was the shock I needed," says Tetley.

Her dancers worshiped her. Says Tetley: "It was like belonging to the most wonderful religious sect. With Martha you were not only training the body but opening the soul." Shelley Washington, who danced for Graham in the '70s, recalls some sources of her magic: "She was a fabulous storyteller—there was such vitality and imagery."

After Graham stopped performing, she was still in the spotlight: marching on Washington to plead for government grants, attending fund-raising galas where she spoke mesmerizingly about her life. Her father became a regular player in these little monologues as she summoned up her childhood self riding beside him in the buggy while he made his rounds. Perhaps it was then that the seeds of an artistic revolution were sown, that the secret lies in an indomitable commitment to honesty in motion. —With reporting by Nancy Newman/

New York

The Deity of Modern Dance

Martha Graham: 1894–1991

By MARTHA DUFFY

Martha Graham finally retired from the stage at 75, but the decision came hard. A philosophical friend suggested she must remember that she was not a goddess but a mortal. "That's difficult," Graham replied, "when you see yourself as a goddess and behave like one."

When she died last week, at 96, after a two-month battle with pneumonia, dance lovers—from young members of her company to the thousands she trained and nurtured—could hardly believe that she had succumbed to any physical weakness. She was the reigning deity of modern dance. If she did not invent it—there are always forerunners in any movement—she embodied it, propagated it, imposed a clear discipline and aesthetic on a new, inchoate art. By the 1950s she was the biggest dance celebrity in the country. She could inflame almost any audience, and she was a genius at dealing with donors and the press. Her personal flair—her Easter Island mask of a face, her extravagantly theatrical wardrobe—made her slightest gestures, onstage or off, indelible.

The hallmark of her choreography, as well as her performances, was fierce concentration and intensity. She went for the biggest, broadest gesture, the most vivid rage, the most startling image of love.

What interested her was not the airiness and elevation of ballet. She made the earth her touchstone and reveled in the downward pull of gravity.

It was a revolution in motion equal to that of abstraction in painting. All modern choreographers are in her debt (some, like Merce Cunningham, because they rebel against her), but her influence goes beyond dance. Bette Davis, who called her "a straight line, a divining rod," learned how to fall down a flight of stairs in her classes; Richard Boone (*Have Gun Will Travel*) how to fall as if he had been shot. The kids who jazz-dance the night away are moving from the gut and the torso; those powerful thrusts began in her works.

She was born into a comfortable, 10-generation American family in Allegheny, Pa. (now part of Pittsburgh). Her father, a doctor, was a strong influence on her personality. He frowned on dancing, yet he once admonished her, "Martha, you must never lie to me, because movement never lies, and when I see your body I'll know you are lying." She never forgot that, and a passionate integrity drove her every gesture. Extravagant she might be, or austere, but never false.

Her early dance inspiration was surprising: Ruth St. Denis, who charmed audiences with free-form creations perfumed with the exoticism of the Orient. En-

Essay

Charles Krauthammer

On Getting It Wrong

"Nothing ever gets settled in this town," George Shultz once said of Washington. "The debate never stops." Which is why no one can ever decide which side won. It takes so long for the consequences of a critical policy—say, welfare—to become apparent, and the results are so murky, that in the end few can remember who said what, assuming those who said anything are still living.

Not so the Persian Gulf war. Rarely in the life of a nation is a question so vital settled so decisively. The gulf debate is the closest politics gets to a controlled experiment. Hypotheses were advanced, and 43 days later the results were in. In the scientific world, one side admits error at this point. Those who believe in Lamarck or cold fusion either recant or retire.

In politics, however, you just carry on, trusting to the short memory of the audience. Well, maybe not this time. For once, an issue was settled. For once, the vaunted sagacity of Sam Nunn, the angry isolationism of Pat Buchanan, the "street"-smart Arabism of the Middle East experts have been put to the test: an encounter with reality. The results are not pretty, and the tested don't like it.

In January, Democrats solemnly warned that history would closely scrutinize the great gulf debate. Now, barely three months later, they indignantly cry "Foul!" when their antiwar words are recalled to them. How unseemly, they charge, to so manipulate a "vote of conscience."

Vote of conscience? What an odd distribution of congressional consciences we have, when 98% of Republican consciences just happen to fall on the President's side of the argument, and 70% of Democratic consciences on the other. Mathematicians will long be studying this extraordinary exception to the law of random probabilities.

Conscience? If this was a vote of conscience, what are we to make of Congress's other votes? Votes of pocketbook and partisanship? One would expect members of Congress to vote their consciences—i.e., to decide what is in the best interest of the country—every time.

And since when has conscience been a defense? It is hard to think of a more genuinely conscientious question for any legislator than abortion. And yet in the election campaign of 1989, the Democratic Party consciously, and successfully, focused savage partisan attacks on antiabortion Republicans.

I have no doubt that Democrats acted in the highest patriotism, seeking the best for their country, when they voted to deny the President war authority. I have no doubt that they voted their deep-seated feelings. But, and this may come as news to Democrats, feelings aren't enough in life. Representatives are elected not for their feelings but for their judgment. And this time the Democrats got it wrong.

But at least the politicians can plead ignorance. What can the experts plead? As New York Times columnist Leslie Gelb points out, in being wrong the Democrats were "joined by

probably 90% of American and European experts on Arab affairs." Take, for example, Zbigniew Brzezinski, perhaps the most prominent of the antiwar advocates. He led the fight against military action because, variously, 1) "One must expect... thousands of deaths among American servicemen"; 2) "the price of oil could easily climb to \$65 per bbl. or even more"; 3) "the financial costs of the war by themselves" could cause "an economic and financial world crisis"; 4) we risked "an increasing wave of anti-Americanism among the Arab masses"; and 5) "the region as a whole could erupt into flames."

Well, not quite. In fact, the only eruption caused by America's war on Saddam Hussein was a decidedly anti-Saddam eruption by an overwhelming majority of Iraq's own people. The one Arab uprising to follow the war called not for Yan-

kees to go home but for America to march on to Baghdad.

The war and its aftermath have finally exposed the mindless clichés about the Arab world that the experts had propagated so assiduously and that steered them so wrong. These are the clichés of Arab radicalism, proclaiming the ubiquity of Arab hatred of the West, the centrality of the Palestinian issue and the power of Pan-Arabist and Islamic slogans to mobilize the Arab street. Indeed, the Arab street became a cult of its own, built by the experts into a mythic force that the West dare not challenge.

What is the Arab street? The Arab street is a creation of intellectuals who want the West to believe that the radical agenda is the

Arab agenda and the West must bend to it. In fact, in the Arab world, public opinion—the street—is tightly controlled by regimes with busy secret-police networks and a monopoly on information. The street is largely an echo of the palace.

What is heard on the street? Envy in Algiers, gratitude in Riyadh, rage in Amman. Which is the authentic Arab voice? The question itself is nonsensical. There is no single Arab voice, no Arab street. One would think that such an idea might have occurred to experts contemplating a war that found tens of thousands of Arab soldiers arrayed against one another.

It is true, of course, that the President has committed serious blunders in the aftermath of the war. But that is a blot on Bush; it does nothing to absolve those who got it wrong on Kuwait, who would have consigned its people to the fate now befalling the Kurds. Has one expert admitted error? Not that I have heard. The other night, I listened to one scholar, who had been 180° wrong on the war, blithely advising a Senator on the Foreign Relations Committee on how to handle postwar Iraq.

Gentlemen, Ladies: No one is asking you to resign your tenured chairs. But would you consider a moment of silence? A decent interval for reflection and re-examination? How about a month in a monastery? Not to worry: MacNeil-Lehrer will always have you back.





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